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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1924

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The Logos and the Heart

Greater love hath no man than this. . . .

THE surface character of the Logos, we can know from our own consciousness, since our consciousness is a direct ray of the Logos. All the powers within our consciousness are immediately derived from the Logos, however much we may have perverted them through the misuse of our free will. The cure of this perversion dwells in the regenerating power of the Logos in the heart.

Our free will itself is of the very essence of the Logos, a manifestation of divine creative power. And while, through misuse of free will, we have too often shamefully degraded the powers both of perception and of action, by turning them in wrong directions, yet the essence of the Logos, which is in these powers and in free will, makes possible their redemption.

Students of Theosophy believe that this redemption of all the powers in man is the main task and purpose of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion.

The surface powers of the Logos, we can know in ourselves, though we rarely recognize the divinity, the profound marvel and mystery, of these "common" powers. For the most part, we thoughtlessly and heedlessly take them for granted.

But the deeper powers of the Logos, in all their glorious majesty, we can perceive only as they are revealed to us in and by the Masters of Wisdom and of Love, who have found their divinity by losing themselves in the Logos.

The great Masters of the East, from the sages of the Upanishads to Shankara Acharya, have sought to reveal the Logos as Divine Light, that Light which, reverently and faithfully followed, will lead us along the path of redemption to our eternal home.

Saint John, the abstract quality of whose spirit makes him more Oriental than the other disciples, speaks of the Master Christ as the Light. But the

Master himself seeks to reveal himself, and thereby to reveal the Logos, as Divine Love. In himself he manifests and reveals a love which seeks to give, not to receive; a love which comes, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; a love which gives itself to the uttermost, and receives only in giving.

The Master Christ is in himself a revelation of fiery, passionate love, a love which outstrips the utmost of romance; a love returned but timidly even by his immediate disciples, a love that has never been adequately requited. In the long centuries, a few men and women have given all that was in their hearts, with the eager hope to repay that love; in virtue of their supreme giving, they have rightly been honoured as saints. Yet in all history there is no such tragedy as that immense, unrequited love.

We may hold that a main purpose of that Master's coming into incarnation nineteen centuries ago, coming as an Avatar, in the Eastern phrase, was to reveal this immeasurable, fiery and passionate love. And he appears to have planned to make this revelation in two ways: first, by immediately manifesting that divine love, with its healing and its joy; but also by hurling himself against those evil powers in the human heart which have been built up by the misuse of free will, and which are the negation and destruction of love; quite clearly perceiving from the very beginning that this fight to the death between love and hate must mean his own supreme sacrifice, a sacrifice which would include public ignominy, torture, the anguish and despair of his friends, a felon's death. Supreme love could be revealed only by the laceration and desecration of love by hatred; only by the revelation of what love will gladly and eagerly suffer, in a self-giving to the very dregs.

This complete self-immolation, courted in a deliberately planned and purposed attack on the powers that are the enemies of divine love, shows throughout his mission from its very inception. This would seem to be the meaning of his declaration:

"Think not that I came to cast peace on the earth: I came not to cast peace, but a sword. . . . I came to cast fire upon the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" (R. V.)

This calculated challenge rings out in the vividly recorded sermon with which he began his mission in his own city:

"And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read. And there was delivered unto him a roll of the prophet Isaiah. And he opened the roll, and found the place where it was written,

"'The spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor:
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
And recovering of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.'

"And he closed the roll, and gave it back to the attendant, and sat down: and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on him.

"And he began to say unto them,

"'To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears.'

"And all bare him witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth: and they said, 'Is not this Joseph's son?'

"And he said unto them,

"'Doubtless ye will say unto me this parable, Physician, heal thyself: whatever we have heard done at Capernaum, do also here in thine own country. . . . Verily I say unto you, No prophet is acceptable in his own country. But of a truth I say unto you, There were many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah . . . and unto none of them was Elijah sent, but only to Zarephath, in the land of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, but only Naaman the Syrian.'"

We may be so familiar with this passage that we miss the challenge in it. A paraphrase may make it clearer:

"You, people of my own town, who have known me, and whom I have known, from my childhood, are full of pride and self-complacence because you are Jews, the chosen people, children of Israel, of the stock of Abraham. But consider how the history of your nation rebukes your pride. Though there were many widows in Israel at the time of the great famine, Elijah was sent by God, not to these Jewish widows, but to a foreigner, a Phœnician, not of the house of Israel, not of the stock of Abraham. And there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha, but none of them was cleansed of leprosy, but only Naaman the Syrian, again a foreigner, not a Jew, not descended from Abraham. See how your own records rebuke your arrogance."

It was a direct attack. How keenly this sword-thrust pierced, the next verses show:

"And they were all filled with wrath in the synagogue, as they heard these things; and they rose up, and cast him forth out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might throw him down headlong. . . ."

These same fellow-townsmen, immediately before, had fastened their eyes on him, wondering at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth. Thus did the Master Christ cast a sword upon the earth.

This first discourse in Nazareth, so marvellously recorded that we can see every movement of the speaker, and of those who heard him, embodies both elements of his message: the abounding love, and the fiery onslaught against the evil of self-centred arrogance, which makes love impossible. The Avatar came, bearing immeasurable gifts in his hands, glad tidings to the poor, the lowly of heart, release to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, liberty for them that are bruised, the acceptable year of the Lord; he stood ready to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke, bringing instead the yoke of his love, the yoke that is easy, and the burden that is light.

But, while he had so deeply studied and so profoundly meditated on the

words of Isaiah, he had not less deeply studied and understood the hard egotism of the men of his city and his country. He knew beforehand that they would reject his gifts and put the generous giver to death, in the implacable war of hatred against love.

In the last quiet hours between the farewell banquet and the betrayal, when he said of himself, "I am no more in the world," he set forth for his disciples the fundamental cause of this unappeasable enmity: "All these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me." They had shut their hearts against the Light of the Logos; self-love had thereupon warped and distorted and corrupted every divine power and gift, turning to evil what should have been incomparable good. The corruption of the best is the worst; therefore, these powers, thus distorted and become demoniac, were insatiate in their hostility against the Life of the Logos, which is the Spirit of Love.

The full insight into the evils of self-love which were intertwined with the religious zeal of the Jews must have revealed itself gradually and progressively to his mind, from the days when, a boy twelve years old, he sat in the temple in the midst of the teachers, both hearing them and asking them questions.

We are told that his parents went every year to Jerusalem to the feast of the passover, and it is natural to believe that, beginning with this twelfth year, he accompanied them, foreshadowing the ceaseless journeyings of the three active years of his mission.

Whether at Jerusalem or in Galilee, he had abundant opportunity to note the zealots who made broad their phylacteries, and enlarged the borders of their garments, loving the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi; the zealots who, when they gave alms, had a trumpet sounded before them in the synagogues and in the streets; who loved to stand and pray in the synagogues and at street corners, that they might be seen of men.

These generalized descriptions are based on keen and repeated observation, throughout years, and on profound meditation, which pierced through the outward appearance to the carefully hidden evil motive. We can conceive that, in this corrupting self-love, entwined about the things of religion, penetrating into divine things and polluting them, he discerned the ultimate enemy of divine love.

Seeing this egotism as evil, and the root of every evil, but most dangerous and malignant when it permeates and corrupts the things which concern the Father, the Master Christ made it the chief point of attack, hurling himself against it with the supreme energy of fiery love. Against it, as he foresaw, he was broken; yet, we believe, with the far-off, divine hope that, in the recoil, he would grind it to powder.

Therefore, it was against this stronghold of evil that he threw himself, in the synagogue of his own city, among his own townspeople; thus launching the attack which began the war of passionate love against the entrenched evil in the hearts of men.

The same passionate quality, as of a sword-point, leaps forth in many incidents; as, for example, when "he entered into the synagogue, and there was a man there which had his hand withered. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the sabbath day; that they might accuse him. And he saith unto the man that had his hand withered, 'Stand forth.' And he said unto them, 'Is it lawful on the sabbath day to do good, or to do harm? to save a life, or to kill?' But they held their peace. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved at the hardening of their heart, he saith unto the man, 'Stretch forth thy hand.' And he stretched it forth: and his hand was restored."

Note once more the instant response to this challenge: "And the Pharisees went out, and straightway with the Herodians took counsel against him, how they might destroy him"; evil hatred flaring up against righteous wrath.

There is the same passionate quality in this other incident:

"And they brought unto him little children, that he should touch them: and the disciples rebuked them.

"But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation. . . ."

Then instantly the manifestation of divine, compassionate gentleness:

"And he took them in his arms and blessed them, laying his hands upon them."

On each occasion, this fiery anger, visible to all, flamed out when hard hearts put obstacles in the way of his compassion, the strong movement of the heart to pour out love. Many times that kingly movement of the heart is put on record: "He was moved with compassion . . ." or, in his own words, "I have compassion on the multitude." The word the Master uses means a fiery longing, poured forth from the innermost heart, the virtue, the dynamic energy, which healed those who, with faith, touched even the hem of his garment; that living ray of the Logos which he embodied and revealed.

Without doubt, that compassion went out toward all right human relations, like the bond between husband and wife: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh: so that they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

There is the same solicitude regarding the love of parents for their children, the love of children for their parents: "For Moses said, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, He that speaketh evil of father or mother, let him die the death: but ye say, If a man shall say to his father or his mother, That wherewith thou mightest have been profited by me is Corban, that is to say, Given to God; ye no longer suffer him to do aught for his father or his mother. . . ."

Without doubt, the Avatar had at heart to sanctify all these human relations, permeating them with the love that gives, rather than seeks to receive.

Yet we are constrained to believe that his deeper purpose went far beyond even the consecration of these human relationships:

"The children of this world marry and are given in marriage: but they that are accounted worthy to attain to that world, and the resurrection from the

dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

"That world" is the eternal world of Spirit, to be entered by self-obliterating love of the Father, in contrast with "this world," the transitory world of matter. The Teacher's purpose is, to carry us over from "this world," to "that world"; from the life of the animal, with its natural relationships, yet irrevocably subject to death, to a life equal to the angels, a life immortal.

"That world" is "the kingdom of heaven" of so many of the parables, which carry, without fully revealing, the deeper message and purpose of the Avatar, a purpose going infinitely beyond any amelioration of our mortal life.

It is profitable, with this in mind, to read and meditate on each one of these parables, seeking the revelation which it carries, of the Master's deeper purpose, remembering that his true disciples are "the children of the kingdom," to whom it is given "to know the mysteries of the kingdom."

That world of immortality, entered through love of the Master's spirit, is the hidden treasure, the goodly pearl, the seed growing secretly, the leaven, the grain of mustard seed.

Finally, there is the terrible tragedy of the parable in which, his outer work drawing to a close, the Master sums up the experience of his own mission, the fruit of his fiery contest against the powers of egotism entrenched in the human heart:

"Hear another parable: There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. . . . When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen?"

Like the first great sermon at Nazareth, this brings us once again to Isaiah, into whose heart the Master appears to have poured so much of his spirit, in preparation for the supreme effort of his own mission:

"My well beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a winepress therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes. . . . What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? . . ."

It is worth noting how completely the Master affirms his mission as an Avatar; on the one hand, by declaring the manner and purpose of his coming, and, on the other, by setting himself apart, as it were, from the nation in which he had incarnated, and from certain ideas fundamental to that nation.

First, as to the manner of his coming:

"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. . . . Ye are from beneath; I am from above; ye are of this world; I am not of this world. . . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven, I am that bread of life. . . . As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. . . . Yet a little while

am I with you, and then I go unto him that sent me. . . . If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I. . . ."

This is the whole cycle of the Avatar; the meaning of Avatar being one who, having passed through the river of death, comes back again to help others through the dark waters to the shore of eternal life.

Equally complete and striking is the way in which the Master sets himself apart from the frame of national egotism which shut in the Jews. He has come, indeed, to fulfil the law; but, speaking to the Jews, he says, "It is written in your law"; and, to his disciples, "The word that is written in their law"; never "our law," as though he were identifying himself with them.

Again, the Jews held that the Messiah must needs be the son of David, of the house and lineage of David, and therefore those among them who accepted the Master as Messiah, including his disciples, hailed him as the son of David.

But the Master himself suggests that the real sanction of his mission is quite other than descent from David:

"How say the scribes that Christ is David's son? And David himself saith in the book of psalms, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool. David therefore calleth him Lord, how is he then his son?"

In the same spirit is his saying,—"And, behold, a greater than Solomon is here." Again, descent from Abraham, and the covenant made with Abraham, were the basis of the whole pride of race and election among the Jews. But the Master deliberately puts himself outside this limitation, and claims for himself a sanction of a wholly different kind, when he says:

"Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am."

It is worth noting that, just as he said, not "our law," but "your law," so he says, not "our father Abraham," but "your father Abraham," setting himself outside that frame altogether.

This complete standing apart from the traditional historic atmosphere of the house of David and the stock of Abraham may, perhaps, be brought into sharper relief by quoting as a contrast the words of a devoted disciple:

"I am a Jew . . . an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews."

The evil which the Christian Master combats, consists, therefore, in taking the divine powers of the Logos, and prostituting them to the uses of egotism. The cure for this malignant self-love is a divine love that shall break and melt away the hardness of heart, drawing the divine elements of the powers from the meshes of egotism in which they have been ensnared; drawing them forth toward the Divine Glory of the Logos. The method of that Master was, to break hard hearts by the overwhelming tenderness of his love; to draw them toward himself by that love's irresistible attraction, and thus to draw them out of evil isolation toward the Divine Union in the Father, the Logos.

Shankara Acharya, as a great Eastern Master, seeks to illumine the understanding, to quicken the intuition to the degree of inspiration, and thus to draw the spirit toward the oneness of the Infinite Light. The Master Christ seeks to break, to melt, to enkindle the heart, drawing it toward himself with the bands of love, so that the heart's isolation, and all the self-centred evil that goes with isolation, may be melted away and the heart merged in the oneness of the Divine Heart, the Life of the Logos: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself," and thus to the Father.

It should be absolutely clear that the spirit of the Christian Master is as far as possible from a soft, general benevolence, easily tolerant of egotism, arrogance and malice. On the contrary, the more brightly his love shines forth, the more keenly does he attack these enemies of love.

We can do no more than outline this sharp contrast in the closing scenes of this immense tragedy, when, following the Transfiguration, he "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

There have been endless discussions and controversies, during long centuries, regarding the Master's manhood. We should like to see the word changed and, especially in these scenes of darkening tragedy, a clearer emphasis laid on the Master's manliness, as he advanced unarmed toward certain death. Not less striking is the infinite treasure of compassion which he was ready to pour out, in those closing days, as, for example, on the household at Bethany.

Perhaps the first Gospel gives the clearest view of the succession of events: the royal progress toward Jerusalem, "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass"; a progress which led him direct to the temple, and to that passionate act of protest, when he "cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers." The tremendous rush of anger, finding vent in vehement action, is worlds apart from easy toleration of evil.

Then immediately his acclamation by the children, perhaps some of them the children whom he had gathered in his arms and blessed.

On the next day he renewed the attack, in the temple, in the presence of the chief priests and the elders of the people: "Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Then the parables, spoken in the temple: first the story, terrible in its anger, of the householder who planted a vineyard; then the parable, equally terrible in the pathos of divine compassion met by chill indifference, the marriage of the king's son and the excuses of the invited guests.

Finally, the gathering of passionate love, and passionate sorrow for love rejected, in the closing scene: "Behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify . . . that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth . . . O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a

hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Thus the final attack was delivered, and the Master withdrew from the temple, the scene of so much of his teaching, to return thither no more. In the quiet hours that followed, while awaiting swift on-coming death, he gave his disciples the ultimate proof of his humility and his immortal love, after the farewell banquet, to the tragedy of which they were almost wholly blind. It is altogether fitting that the record of his infinite love, in the last address, should be made by the disciple whom, beyond the others, he loved.

Thus, with superb heroism, he waged his war, a war not for one life-span only, but for all time, until the victory shall be complete. Thus he revealed the Life of the Logos as flaming love, a love that burns everlasting.

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work His providence assigns me, and leave the issue; it is not my affair.—FÉNELON.

The "living sacrifice" does not always mean active work; it may mean the patient endurance of a wrong, the quiet bearing of a pain, cheerful acquiescence in a disappointment.—J. R. MILLER.

FRAGMENTS

TELL us, O Wise One, what truly is memory,—the memory of the Immortal?

Forgetting.

Forgetting?

Verily: when there is neither before nor after, the soul casts no shadow. The Immortal concerns himself not with shadows that have passed, and, in so passing, prove themselves never to have been.

But that which is of spiritual life, O Store of Wisdom, that surely the Immortal will remember?

Nay: for the Immortal lives in the Eternal, where there is neither past to be recollected, nor future to anticipate; all is for ever present, in consciousness or vision.

Tell us then, O Wise One, what truly is life,—the life of the Immortal?

Extinction.

Extinction?

Yea, Lanoo: save as thy daily acts are acts of the Immortal, save as thy thoughts are thoughts of the Immortal, save as the consciousness is consciousness of the Immortal,—extinction absolute, for ever. How else heaven? Must the Immortal exist wrapped in the mists of thy consciousness of to-day—thy little pains, thy little joys, thy little cares, thy little concerns,—shadows weaving about shadows, some dark, some sun-illumined, like clouds about a mountain top? These are born and die, gather with the moisture and the wind, then dissipate, having no substance nor reality. Comfort ye—all these pass,—the endless phantasmagoria of which we are a part for a breath's space, while we desire or fancy it. Extinction to them when at last we see. Then the Immortal remains, that which has neither beginning nor end, which was not born and cannot die, radiant, eternal. So much of thee as is at one with the Immortal, so much shall live, in bliss unspeakable. All else in thee most mercifully shall pass away, since in reality it never yet has been.

CAVÉ.

THE CREST JEWEL OF WISDOM

Attributed to Shankara Acharya

IV

THE Disciple said: Whether by delusion or otherwise, the higher Self appears as the separate self; but, since the vesture is beginningless, there is no conceivable end of the beginningless. (195)

Therefore existence as the separate self must be eternal, nor can the circle of birth and death have an end; how then can there be liberation? Master, tell me this.

The Master said: Well hast thou asked, O wise one! Therefore rightly hear! A false imagination created by error is not conclusive proof.

Only through delusion can there be an association with objects, of that which is without attachment, without action, without form; it is like the association of blueness with the sky.

The appearance as the separate self, of the Self, the Seer, who is without qualities, without form, essential wisdom and bliss, arises through the delusion of the understanding; it is not real; when the delusion passes, it exists no longer, having no substantial reality.

Its existence, which is brought into being through false perception, because of delusion, lasts only so long as the error lasts; as the serpent in the rope endures only as long as the delusion; when the delusion ceases, there is no serpent. (200)

It is true that unwisdom and also its effects are beginningless; but, when wisdom arises, unwisdom, even though beginningless, comes to an end like a dream on waking, utterly vanishing, root and all; even though beginningless, it is not everlasting, just as the previous non-existence of what comes into being, though beginningless, yet comes to an end.

So that we see that previous non-existence, though without a beginning, yet has an end. It is the same with the appearance of the separate self, built up in the universal Self through the association of the understanding, and in nature contrary to it; this association is a false perception, caused by the understanding.

It can only be ended through true wisdom, not by other means; and the Scriptures declare that true wisdom is to know the oneness of the Eternal and the Self. (205)

This is gained by true discernment between Self and what is not Self; therefore let there be discernment between the true hidden Self and the manifested self.

Just as even very muddy water shines as pure water when the mud clears away, so the Self shines forth bright, when darkness passes away.

When the darkness of unreality ceases, the separate self clearly perceives the hidden Self; therefore the separate self must cast out utterly all egotism and delusion.

Therefore this vesture formed of understanding, since it is subject to change, and material, and circumscribed, is not the higher Self; since it is visible and transitory, this non-eternal cannot be the Eternal.

The vesture formed of bliss is a form lit up by a reflection of the eternal bliss, but not yet completely free from darkness; its nature is happiness and joy; in it, worthy desires receive their fruition. This vesture formed of bliss shines forth in the holy man reaping the reward of his good deeds, coming into being of itself, without effort, when he rejoices, wearing the garment of righteousness. (210)

This vesture formed of bliss is fully revealed in dreamlessness; it is partially revealed in dreaming and waking, when the object of true desire is seen.

Yet even this vesture formed of bliss is not the higher Self, because it is subject to limitation, a manifestation of objective Nature, an effect of righteous deeds, built up of the sum of good actions.

When these five vestures are put aside, according to the Scriptures, the Witness, formed of illumination, remains after they are set aside; this is the Self, self-luminous, other than the five vestures; Witness in the three fields of consciousness, unchanging, unstained, to be known by the wise, through right self-identification, as eternal Being, eternal bliss.

The Disciple said: When these five vestures are set aside because they are non-eternal, I cannot see, O Master, that aught remains save universal non-Being, or that anything remains to be known by him who would know the Self through right self-identification. (215)

The Master said: O wise one, thou speakest sooth! Thou art skilled in judgment! Egotism and the rest are mere changing forms; when they pass, this Self is left.

He through whom all these are perceived, who himself is not perceived, him know as the Self, the Knower, through most subtile understanding.

Whatsoever is perceived by anyone, is perceived by virtue of this Self as Witness; that which is unknown of any can not be called the Witness.

This Being is his own Witness, since through himself he is perceived; therefore, he who is manifest through himself is the hidden Self, and no other.

This is he who is clearly manifest in waking, dreaming and dreamlessness, through his hidden nature ever shining as the real "I," unchanging; it is he who beholds the personal self, the understanding and all the powers with their manifold forms and changes; he shines, the Self, eternal bliss and consciousness; him know as Self, here in thy heart. (220)

He who is deluded thinks that the sun's image reflected in the water in a jar is the real sun; through a like delusion, the dullard believes that the reflection of consciousness contained in the vesture is "I."

When the jar and the water and the sun mirrored there are all put away, the true sun is perceived; in like manner the wise perceive the eternal Self reflected in the three fields of consciousness, the self-luminous.

Thus setting aside the body, the understanding, the reflected personal consciousness, and recognizing as his true Self the Seer hidden within the understanding, the partless Light which reveals all things, which is different from the existent and the non-existent;

The eternal, the Lord, all-pervading, very subtile, which has neither within nor without, which stands alone; truly knowing that Self in his own being, a man is sinless, stainless, deathless.

Sorrowless, become altogether bliss, the sage fears nought from any source. There is no path other than the knowledge of the true being of the Self, for him who seeks liberation, freedom from the bondage of manifested life. (225)

The knowledge that he is not separated from the Eternal is the cause of liberation, whereby the secondless bliss, the Eternal, is gained by those who are illumined.

The wise man who is one with the Eternal returns not again to the circle of birth and death; therefore, let it be truly understood that the Self is not separate from the Eternal.

He wins the Real, the endless Wisdom, the pure Eternal, supreme, self-sustained, the one essence of everlasting bliss, at one with the hidden Eternal, undivided.

This is Being, the supreme, the secondless, since there is no reality apart from this; nor does aught else remain, when consciousness of the transcendental reality is gained.

For when all delusions of the understanding are cast away without remainder, then this whole universe, perceived as innumerable forms through unwisdom, becomes the Eternal only. (230)

The earthen jar, though it be moulded from earth, is not separate from the earth, since it is essentially earth. The form of the jar has no independent existence. What then is the jar? A name only, built up as an appearance.

The independent existence of the earthen jar cannot be perceived by anyone apart from the earth it is made of; therefore, the jar is built up as an appearance; the earth, of which it essentially consists, is the reality.

The manifested universe exists through the Real, the Eternal, and is ever That alone, nor is there aught beside That; he who says that there is, is not free from delusion, he is like one talking in his sleep.

"The Eternal is this universe": thus declares the word of the Scripture, the excellent Atharva Veda. Therefore, this universe is the Eternal only; nor has what is perceived any separate existence, apart from its source.

If this transitory world be the Real, then there is no liberation through the Self, the holy Scriptures are without authority and the Lord speaks untruth; but those of great soul cannot admit these three things. (235)

The Lord, who knows the reality of things, has declared: "I am not contained in these things, nor do beings dwell in Me."

If this manifest universe were reality, it would be perceived in dreamlessness; but since nothing is then outwardly perceived, it is unreal, like the appearance of a dream.

Hence this world has no real existence apart from the higher Self; its separate existence is perceived through illusion, like the serpent and the rope. What reality is there in that which is conjured up? Only through error does the underlying Real thus appear.

Whatever the deluded perceives in his delusion, is the Eternal only; the imagined silver is the pearl shell; in the same way forms are given to the Eternal, but whatever is imagined in the Eternal, is nothing but a name.

Therefore, the Eternal is secondless Being, consisting of pure illumination, stainless, full of peace, beginningless, endless, changeless, formed of everlasting bliss. (240)

When all the divisions caused by Glamour are cast aside, there shines forth somewhat eternal, steadfast, partless, immeasurable, unformed, unmanifest, unnamed, everlasting, self-illumined.

Those who are illumined know this as that in which knower, knowing and known are one, which is endless, above differentiation, absolute, partless, pure consciousness, the highest Being.

This supreme Self, the perfect Eternal, cannot be left nor taken; neither by mind nor speech can it be apprehended; it is immeasurable, beginningless, endless.

In the text of Scripture, "That thou art," the Eternal and the Self are indicated by the words, "That" and "Thou"; when they are thus understood, the oneness of the Self and the Eternal is clearly seen. (244)

The oneness of these two, thus defined and declared, is concealed by attributing to them contrary attributes, as in the case of the firefly and the sun, the King and the slave, the well and the ocean, the atom and Mount Meru.

The seeming difference between the two is caused by the vestures which contain them, but these vestures are themselves unreal. Hear the truth: cosmic differences, beginning with the world of abstract forms, come into being through the Lord's power of Glamour, Maya; the five vestures come into being through the separate self;

When these vestures, which enwrap the Lord and the separate self are cast aside, there remains neither Lord nor separate self. The king has his kingdom, the vassal his village; when these are taken away, there is neither vassal nor king.

The Scripture: "There is the teaching, 'Not thus! not thus!'" of itself contradicts the duality imagined in the Eternal; through illumination in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, the distinction between the two is to be rejected.

"It is not this, not this; since it is built up by imagination, it is unreal, like the rope seen as a serpent, like a dream"; thus repeatedly rejecting completely this visible world, the oneness of the Self and the Eternal will be realized.

The two are to be defined according to their essential nature, in order that their undivided oneness of essence may be shown. Not by the derived meaning alone, nor by the literal meaning alone, but through the essence common to both, understanding will be gained. (250)

By saying, "This man is Devadatta," the identity is established by rejecting contrary attributes; in just the same way, in the Scriptural teaching, "That thou art," contrary attributes are to be set aside.

By recognizing that pure consciousness is the essential character both of the Eternal and of the Self, their unity of being is perceived by those who are illumined. Thus in a hundred holy texts is set forth the oneness of the Eternal and the Self, their undivided being.

According to the Scripture, "This Imperishable is neither gross nor fine, neither short nor long," in itself indefinable as the ether, set aside false conclusions, and abandon thy preconceptions, since all that is outwardly perceived is mirage only; affirming "the Eternal am I," with purified intelligence, know thine own Self as partless Light.

Just as every jar and vessel made of earth is held to be earth only, so all this, born of Being, having Being as its essence, is Being only, since there is nothing beyond Being; of a truth, "This is the Real, this the Self," therefore, "That thou art," the Eternal, full of peace, pure, undivided, supreme.

As in dream, the imagined space and time and objects and perceiver are all unreal, so also here in waking, the world is conjured up by our unwisdom; since this body, its powers and life-breath, and the thought of it as "I" are all unreal, therefore, "That thou art," the Eternal, full of peace, pure, undivided, supreme. (255)

That Eternal, which transcends birth and rule and race and clan, having nor name nor form nor quality nor fault, dwelling beyond space and time and all things objective, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which cannot be attained by any speech, yet is attained by the pure vision of illumination, a realm of pure consciousness, beginningless substance, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which rises above the six waves of human weakness (pain, delusion, age, death, hunger, thirst), which dwells in the heart of him who has attained to union, which cannot be discerned by thy powers or known by thy understanding, flawless, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which, self-supported, is the support of the world built up through illusion, which is other than the existent or the non-existent, partless, which can be reached by no similitude, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which is free from birth and growth and change, waning and sickness and death, everlasting, the cause that puts forth, upholds, destroys the world, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self. (260)

That Eternal, wherein all difference ceases, whose character never changes, still as a waveless ocean, for ever free, in nature impartite, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which, being One, is the cause of many, the Cause that sets aside all other causes, itself apart from cause and what is caused, "That thou art": bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which is unchanging, mighty, imperishable, other than that which perishes and that which perishes not, supreme, everlasting, eternal joy, stainless, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, the one which appears manifold, through illusion, through change of name and form and character, itself changeless like the gold in many ornaments, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self.

That Eternal, which shines alone, beyond the highest, hidden, of single essence, of the character of the supreme Self, eternal substance, wisdom, joy, endless, everlasting, "That thou art"; bring it to consciousness in thy Self. (265)

Let the disciple bring this meaning, thus declared, to consciousness in his Self, through the recognized forms of reasoning, through intuition, putting doubt and confusion away; the meaning of this text will become as evident as water held in the hand.

Knowing this pure Being, which is perfect Light, dwelling in the Self, relying on the Self as a king on his army in battle, cause this manifest world to melt away in the Eternal.

In the intelligence, in the heart, other than the existent or the non-existent, is the Eternal, the Real, supreme, secondless; he who, through the power of the Self, dwells in this heart, for him there is no more subjection to bodily life.

Even though the truth be known, nevertheless this impress: "I am the actor, the experiencer," is deep-seated and powerful, as it is beginningless, the cause of circling birth and death. This impress is to be conquered by strong effort, through the vision of the Light in the Self. The sages have said that the attenuation of this impress is liberation.

This false attribution of "I" and "my" to the body and its powers, which are not Self, must be conquered by the wise man through devotion to the true Self. (270)

Recognizing the hidden Self as the true Self, Witness of the understanding and its activities, making real the thought, "That am I" by right conduct, slay the thought of self in that which is other than the Self.

Ceasing to follow the way of the world, ceasing to follow the way of the body, ceasing to follow the way of tradition, set thyself assiduously to follow the Self.

When a man follows the way of the world, the way of tradition, the way of the body, true wisdom is not born within him.

Those who know declare that the harsh domination of these three ways is the iron chain fettering the feet of him who seeks to escape from the prison house of recurring birth and death; he who frees himself from this, attains liberation.

Just as sandalwood, mingled with water and rubbed, drives all ill odours away, so the divine impress of the Master shines forth through strong effort, completely expelling the savour of outer things. (275)

The impress of the higher Self is hidden under the dust of countless evil desires that lurk within; cleared by the strong effort toward wisdom, it becomes manifest like the scent of sandalwood.

The impress of the Self is entangled in the meshes of desire for what is not Self; through devotion to the eternal Self these meshes are completely destroyed.

In measure as the mind obeys the hidden Self, it frees itself from the impress of outer things; when it has rid itself completely of outer desires, the realization of the Self arises, free from all impediments.

By constant obedience to the Self, the mind of him who seeks union is conquered and the impress of outer desires fades away; therefore, make an end of resting in the false self.

Darkness is overcome by Passion and Goodness; Passion is overcome by Goodness; imperfect Goodness is overcome by perfect Goodness; therefore, make an end of resting in the false self. (280)

Perceiving that the impulses of past acts flourish the personality, be steadfast, rely on valour, and with strong effort make an end of resting in the false self.

Thinking, "I am not the separate self but the Eternal," rejecting everything that is not the Eternal, make an end of resting in the false self, which is built up by the impetus of the impressions of desires.

Knowing through the Scriptures, through right reasoning, through meditative experience, that thy true Self is the Self of all, make an end of resting in the false self, which is built up by the play of deceptive appearances.

The saint is not at all concerned with getting and spending; therefore, ever grounded in the One, make an end of resting in the false self.

To confirm the realization that thy Self is one with the Eternal, according to the knowledge of the oneness of the Eternal and the Self instilled by the Scripture, "That thou art," make an end of resting in the false self. (285)

Intent on dissolving completely the thought of "I" in this body, intending thyself steadily on this task, make an end of resting in the false self.

So long as the persuasion that the separate self and its world are real continues, like a dream, so long, O wise one, continue to make an end of resting in the false self.

Without a moment's loss through dreams, or the sound of worldly opinions, or forgetfulness, seek the real Self within thyself.

Casting away bondage to this corruptible body of flesh, formed from the bodies of father and mother, as though it were an outcast, accomplish thy end, uniting thyself with the Eternal.

Merging thyself in the higher Self, as the ether in the jar is one with the universal ether, losing the sense of separation, enter ever into silence, O seeker after wisdom! (290)

Becoming one with the self-luminous foundation of all, through the aspiration of the manifested Self, the great manifested world and the handful of clay alike are to be abandoned like a pot of dirt.

Causing the thought of "I" built up in the body to merge in the Self, which is pure consciousness, being and bliss, putting off the limitation of form, become ever one with the absolute Eternal.

Knowing that "I am the Eternal," in which the mirage of the world is seen like a city in a mirror, thou shalt be one who has attained his goal.

Going to that which is the Real, essential Being, primal, secondless consciousness, bliss, without form or act, let this body of delusion be rejected, which the Self has assumed as an actor assumes a costume.

By the universal Self the visible world is seen to be a mirage, nor is the separate self real, since it is seen to be transitory; how can the thought that "I know all" stand with regard to this transitory self and its powers? (295)

The fundamental Self is the Witness of the separate self and its powers, since its presence is always recognized, even in dreamless sleep. The Scripture declares that this hidden Self, which is other than the existent or the non-existent, is "unborn, everlasting."

The Self who is unchanging is alone worthy to be the knower of all changes of things that change. The unreality of things that change, and of their changes, is clearly seen again and again, in thoughts and dreams and in deep sleep.

Abandon, therefore, self-attribution to this form of flesh, since the false self thus attributing itself is built up by thought only; recognizing as thine own Self that partless Wisdom which is unaltered by past, present or future, enter into peace.

Cast away self-identification with race, clan, name, form, and stage of life, which rest on this vesture of decay; abandoning also the character of actor and experiencer associated with the personality, and become that whose own being is partless bliss. (299)

There are other bonds of man, seen as causes of recurring birth and death, but the root of them all is the personal self, which first arises in consciousness.

C. J.

We are to plan our work as if we were to live for ever, as indeed we are; we are to do it as if we were to die to-morrow, as indeed we may.—ANON.

DIAGRAMS AND SYMBOLS

MAN lives largely by symbols alone and is more or less reconciled to the fact,—is even enamoured of his symbols; and yet, if they take the elementary form of diagram, his feelings are often hurt. In fact the greater his need of the diagram, the greater his resentment at the work it entails. It would be invidious to select students of Theosophy as pointing this moral, but students of Theosophy are not innocent. In dealing with diagrams we must first make up our minds what they can and cannot do, for whatever the subject of our study, it makes all the difference in the world whether we regard these necessarily partial efforts to clarify our ground plans as darkenings of counsel, instruments of torture, or lamps unto our feet. When the baby in his high chair points a fat finger at the outline of a duck in a picture book and says "quack-quack," he is recognizing a living object in pictorial presentation —that is to say, by a symbol; with delighted chuckles he hails the effort of the artist to speak to him without words. He is quite aware that a real duck—soft and waddling and yellow—is only feebly suggested in the picture book, but he has the grace to welcome the little scratch on paper that refreshes his memory, warms his imagination and stimulates his sense of correspondences. When an older student groans over a page of triangles and squares and figures, unlikely as it may look at first glance, he also is being helped to recognize, to remember, to understand; he is being offered a ground plan of the eternal verities; his first reaction should be gratitude, and his second, hard work. Unfortunately he is likely to show himself less wise than the baby, and to make one of two mistakes, or sometimes both of them, one after the other. He either rejects the diagram as calling for too much concentrated effort, or he tries to bear his whole weight upon it, when it naturally caves in like a meringue—and all the time it is neither for hate nor for love, but for use.

If we examine some of the diagrams presented to us after we have graduated from high chairs, we find the same difficulties and the same demand upon us for common-sense. All Nature conspires to educate us, and turn we never so restlessly, our eyes are still confronted with a symbol. Suppose we have reached the map stage. Here is Italy,—something that looks like an old green boot sprawling down the paper. There are many correspondences between the real Italy and the old-boot symbol, and these correspondences we must attack with our imagination and our will. Italy is a complex subject; by-and-by we shall find that there is a body of Italy and a soul of Italy; that she has seven principles and each principle has seven subdivisions; that she has her physical body, her psychical body and her spiritual body; her past, present and future, her story and her karma. We may learn to know her on any plane; people have been met who never rose above the plane where they were done out of ten *lire*, and others who rave in the intoxication of her beauty. But there are

some who go to her and are never free again; they have become spiritually implicated; wherever they wander they dwell in Italy—they say "open my heart and you shall see graven upon it Italy," for they have found her soul. To find the soul is undoubtedly our quest, but first we must turn with patience to the map and learn by heart the rivers and the mountains and the ports, learn to read without boredom the symbol of a symbol of a symbol, the everlasting verities suggested by a scratch.

And so it goes from youth to age and there is no escape from the eternal whisper of the symbol, the eternal challenge of its least seductive form, the diagram. To seize another instance at random,—house-hunting can give unexpected insight into this matter. While engaged in this dreariest of all dreary pursuits, one may, indeed one must, wallow in diagrams. Builders of the Kali-Yuga age have a most dispiriting theory as to what constitutes a house, and you survey with sick distaste, one after another, bleak boxes set on end, with glazed slits all over them. Can it be here and thus that homes are built? Can the soul possess itself in a brick-box? Then the agent unfolds a blue print, long and wide, and your distaste deepens—what has this thing to do with what you seek—light and warmth and shelter? Not readily do you recognize that in these lines and dots and figures can be found a dim reflection of a spiritual thing, and that by it is demonstrated something that no most besotted builder in deepest Kali-Yuga can cheat you out of—the interior life. As you puzzle over it, meanings will emerge: What is this? and this? What is this black smudge in this wall? "It is a place for an open fire." An open fire! You begin to warm to your diagram and presently carry it off to share with one other home seeker you happen to know. With mutual study comes rich reward, shining light on correspondences, delighted recognition of aspects. The ground floor is found to be the least expensive—how right that is! nasty material plane, cheap and dark and stuffy—we will go up higher, undaunted by altitudes, we will mount to our limit. You pore over dots and lines. Here is space for books—we will dedicate it to the Higher Manas! Here will be the glowing fire—the soul of the house—lo, Buddhi! And here is a window open to the morning sun—Hail Atma! Did you ever think to fall upon a blue print and kiss it? Did you ever dream of finding your heart's desire lurking in a diagram? Did you know that Home is just a state of consciousness?

When man would express his dawning sense of the Divine Wisdom, he geometrizes—as above, so below. He moves in ordered pattern and by mystic symbol. Stammering and inexpressive, he perforce ekes out his meaning with gesture—the prescribed gesture of his ritual. Shapes and forms are our alphabet and our first lesson. It is imperative that man should understand his rituals lest they become fatiguing and ridiculous. The Unitarian at High Mass either laughs or falls asleep, but his brother is lifted into unknown dimensions. Every religious system, every church, every cathedral, every Altar is rooted in diagram and flowers in symbol. The nave (*navis*, a ship) is the ship of our rescue; to draw near the Altar we must pass through the sign of the

Cross; to turn to the East is but to repeat the immemorial custom of ancient worship and to turn whence comes our light.

The student of Theosophy—ingrate that he too often proves himself—is direct heir to the Ancient Wisdom if he will; favoured graduate in spiritual mysteries if he will; spoiled child of spiritual tuition whether he will or not, for those who know, spend themselves to teach him, to draw his diagrams and translate his symbols. Let him watch and pray lest he enter into the temptation of insensibility to excess of Grace.

L. S.

Rename your obstacles opportunities, and you will turn what threatens to mar your character into what will help you to make it.—ALBERT G. MACKINNON.

Dost thou want things necessary? Grumble not, perchance it was necessary that thou shouldst want. Endeavour lawfully to supply it; if God bless not thy endeavour, bless Him that knoweth what is fitted for thee. Thou art God's patient; prescribe not thy physician.—QUARLES.

THE THEOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

ONE experiences something of the thrill of discovery when meeting in purely secular—as opposed to theosophical—literature, a scientifically proved fact, or a widely accepted theory, or a well-reasoned train of thought that especially accords with or corroborates theosophical teaching. Indeed it is all too easy to carry this to an extreme, and to exclaim, whenever a writer expresses a rational idea, "How remarkable! he really ought to be in the T. S." Safely short of this extreme, however, is the pleasure of finding such a book as the *History of the Philosophy of History*, by Professor Robert Flint, where a long view and a depth of thought on the subject, beyond that ordinarily met with, afford a very real contribution to the theosophical interpretation of history.

One of Professor Flint's fundamental ideas is that all human evolution is a quest for true unity, and he traces the progress of this quest from the time when man's consciousness of unity with his fellow man was limited to the tribe, and when all outside the tribe were either enemies or slaves. He shows the gradual growth of a sense of relationship with other men, of citizenship, of national feeling, then of still wider oneness, until Christianity, with its teaching of a common Fatherhood, brought the teaching also of a universal brotherhood—though *recognition* of brotherhood he shows as but the first step on a very long path to be trodden before actual realization can be attained.

He quotes another writer as saying that history in the objective sense is the process by which nature and spirit are developed, and the gradual growth in mankind of a tendency to investigate this process is a matter of special interest to him. He refers to the very early ages when for centuries historical records were nothing more than a chronological entry of events as they came, and traces the growth, little by little, of a tendency to see cause and effect in these events, of an effort to deduce general laws, to learn a lesson from them, and finally, at a surprisingly late date, to work out a philosophy of history. "Nationality," he says, "is to a people what individuality is to a person and therefore to history what individuality is to biography." Such a point of view, when applied to the life story of one nation after another, is of course invaluable in connection with the theosophical interpretation of history. "As the individual steadily attains to clearer self-knowledge and greater freedom and power in the manifestation of his true self, so each growing nation is seen gradually to enter more fully on the possession of its genius, and gradually to reveal more distinctly what its character and capacities are."

There are many points at which this book is rich in suggestion. For the present purpose it may be as well to take only the contribution to the theosoph-

ical teaching of the seven principles,—the teaching that nations like individuals are composed of seven principles, some of them well-defined, some of them only potential; that just as in the case of the individual, some one principle is usually more clearly defined than the others, and from that one the nation acts, it being the predominating element in all that is done; also that with nations as with individuals all the national life, the struggles and vicissitudes, successes and failures, are for the purpose of developing an entity, an individualized unit, embodying completely the national purpose, the genius of that nation. Doubtless many of us have tried to apply this idea in relation to present day events, and certainly some have found the effort exceedingly baffling,—one or two reaching the point recently of confessing that they do not know a principle when they see one, and really need a kindergarten exposition of the subject. Professor Flint, who, it may be supposed, would have a like difficulty in the matter of "principles," affords no such exposition, but his method of treating the different ancient civilizations according to their degree of advancement in the quest for unity, is capable of distinctly illuminating application.

It is usually easier to see clearly when we have a sharp contrast, and there is much that is suggestive of a difference in predominating "principle" in the contrast that is drawn, on the one hand, between the result of the work undertaken by the Persian monarchs (the outstanding feature of which is the almost world-wide extension of power achieved by Alexander the Great and his countless hosts), and, on the other hand, the mighty domain firmly established by Rome when, in addition to the exercise of her military prowess, she turned her attention to the internal development of her conquests, to the establishment of political unity, the building up of a Roman citizenship, the encouragement of literature, thought, philosophy, and the recognition of the supremacy of law.

In the *Secret Doctrine* a phrase contrasting Greece and India is also significant. Madame Blavatsky there says, "The Greek philosopher adored form, and the Hindu sage alone perceived the true relation of earthly beauty and eternal truth"; and she gives a similarly suggestive comparison at another point where the tendency of India to spiritualize all philosophy and to make it subservient to metaphysics, is contrasted with the Jewish tendency to materialize whatever teaching was received. The two great civilizations of Greece and India, each so sharply individualized, and each the culmination of a long line of evolution, might well be expected to manifest significant differences,—Greece, which one authority sees, not as the small country on the Mediterranean, but as that mighty force which has expressed itself through one language and through its own distinctive ideals, and "unbroken in its continuity for nearly thirty centuries, has moulded to its own likeness nearly every race it met"; and India which reached its flowering, spiritually speaking, and has had predicted for it a renewed life at some future time. Is it too fanciful, then, to see in the Greek emphasis on the physical aspect of Being, the manifestation of a predominating "principle," and similarly a "principle," though

a different and far higher one, in the sacred wisdom of the East, the recognition of eternal truth?

Regarding Greece, Professor Flint gives additional comment, all of which is suggestive. He speaks of Greek philosophy as acknowledging subjection to no authority save *reason* (in contrast to a spiritual foundation as in ancient India, or a theological basis as in mediæval Europe); and in referring to her anthropomorphic polytheism, says that while singularly beautiful, it is "mainly the product of imagination and the æsthetic sense, with no depth of root either in the reason or the conscience, with feeble philosophical and moral possibilities." Elsewhere he writes, "Art or culture had been the dominant fact in Greek life, the positive law or policy in Roman life; religion or piety as understood by the Church was made the dominant fact in mediæval life." It may be helpful, for the moment, to apply such a statement as the above to individuals whom we know, and to think of two persons, one of whom possesses in a high degree the legal type of mind, the other being well developed as to the imaginative, the æsthetic, the artistic and cultural side of his nature. We instantly see the significance of the distinction; and when instead of persons, it is nations that are considered, it is safe to suppose that these are no less outward and visible signs of a significant inward state.

The fundamental differences in the two great civilizations of Greece and Rome are so generally familiar as to need no detailed mention here. Professor Flint regards them as teaching humanity the lesson of the unity of mankind—though on the human side only. The political unity which was one of the great achievements of Rome, paved the way for the spiritual unity which was the message of Christianity. His summing up of the Roman genius which so fully, freely and completely manifested itself, causes one to wonder what heights might have been attained if, to that splendid virility and power, had been added the spiritual element. The history of the Mohammedan people at once suggests itself in this connection. There, the way in which the contagion of religious fervour swept through tribe after tribe and nation after nation, and in a startlingly brief time welded together totally unlike elements, and raised up a civilization equal to, and in many respects surpassing, any in contemporary Christendom,—is sufficiently indicative of the power of the spirit.

In the age of Greece, the age of Rome and the Christian era, one would like to see three related steps, each evidencing a successively higher stage of evolution and the gradual development of a next higher faculty. Such may well be the case in the first two instances. But while the teachings of the Master Christ, actually put into practice, would without doubt develop a higher "principle" than the western world has hitherto known, Christianity, as has often been said, has yet to be tried, and we are far from the time when what might be called the Christian line of evolution will have reached its culmination as did those of Greece and Rome. However, Christendom does not lack its counterpart of such a state. The *Secret Doctrine* makes it clear that where there is the septenary division, each member of the sevenfold group may be in turn a septenate. If a nation, then, were in process of developing, say, its

fifth principle, it might be expected to pass through what might be called a kamic aspect of that principle, a lower and a higher manasic aspect, a buddhic aspect and so forth. Thus, a state, highly spiritual *for that plane*, might be evidenced by a nation which was not, as a matter of fact, fundamentally far advanced—the completion of a minor cycle within a major cycle, so to speak.

Such a point, where presumably the culmination of a minor cycle was attained, occurred in mediæval Christendom at the time when the wave of cathedral building passed over Europe. The Crusades had in many ways re-formed European life and thought. They had broken down barriers, overcome antipathies, overturned many social conditions and built up others, widened men's vision, stirred them to new ideals, enthusiasms, devotion—in a word, "helped to emancipate the human mind and educate the human heart"—and above all, had welded men together, pledged to the accomplishment of a single purpose. Even if only for a brief time, Europe had known unity, had endeavoured to give expression to a common purpose in unity of action, and whatever subsequent events might be, however imperfect the attempt, mankind—Christendom—had, in a sense, seen the Vision. Those who had seen most clearly were of the national group which, through the Middle Ages, had gradually been evolving the French nation. From the point of view of national entity, there could scarcely be a more interesting study than the growth and development of France from the time of the Capets through the Hundred Years War. Complex and involved to be sure, from many points of view; ceaselessly changing in government, in policy, in territory; now going forward with rapid strides, again wavering, hesitating; yet, little by little, unifying, consolidating, developing a central nucleus, until one begins to feel that the steadily growing entity which is to become France, is testing one method after another, trying out one principality after another, assimilating that which is its own, casting off such as is unfit. And France it was that gained most from the Crusades, giving herself with the most complete self-abandonment, rising with a united energy never before equalled in the West, fired by devotion to the Cause of Christ as that Cause then presented itself.

In a letter on this subject by a student of Theosophy, there is the statement: it is "nonsense to suppose that a nation can perform its function properly (and each nation has a particular function) until it has fully digested its experience and has come to self-understanding. Before there can be a true relation (or happiness) between individuals, each of the individuals involved must have established a true relation with the Master,—and this, of course, not because the Master wills it so, but because it is a law of life, which the Master obeys, as we should. And again, the same thing is true of nations. They do not need to become less national, but more truly national,—more truly themselves. Religion is not an end; it is a means to an end. God would wipe himself out if he could benefit man thereby. Self-restraint is not an end; it is a means to an end,—and the end in that case is the ability to 'let go,' to give oneself, to abandon oneself completely and absolutely, at the right time and in the right direction. No one can do that in a human relation, or for

divine purposes in the world, until he has learned to do it in relation to the Master."

In the stormy centuries through which France came to birth as a nation, it is not difficult to see the working out of all that is implied in this passage; and as France came to some degree of self-realization, she must have gained also—as shown in the Crusades—the ability to "let go," to abandon herself. "In the silence that follows the storm," the flower blooms, and in the period following the Crusades, when the wave of cathedral building swept over Europe, leaving those marvellous monuments of man's brotherhood with man and of his yearning toward God, France showed that she had begun to aspire for a true relation with the Master.

The story of that great national experience has been too splendidly told elsewhere to permit of any attempt to condense and retell it here. Several passages from Henry Adams' book, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, show better than anything else, perhaps, the unity of purpose, the oneness of spirit, the vision of brotherhood which had been attained. The quotation is from a contemporary letter written by the Archbishop of Rouen to the Bishop of Amiens, describing the building of the Cathedral of Chartres:

"The inhabitants of Chartres have combined to aid in the construction of their church by transporting the materials; our Lord has rewarded their humble zeal by miracles which have roused the Normans to imitate the piety of their neighbours. Since then the faithful of our diocese and of other neighbouring regions have formed associations for the same object; they admit no one into their company unless he has been to confession, has renounced enmities, and revenges, and has reconciled himself with his enemies. That done, they elect a chief, under whose direction they conduct their waggons in silence and with humility.

"Who has ever seen!—Who has ever heard tell in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honour and in wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these waggons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the church? But while they draw these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots,—so great is the difficulty,—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts are remitted, the unity of hearts is established. But if any one is so far advanced in evil as to be unwilling to pardon an offender, or if he rejects the counsel of the priest who has piously advised him, his offering is instantly thrown from the waggon as impure, and he himself ignominiously

and shamefully excluded from the society of the holy. There one sees the priests, who preside over each chariot, exhort every one to penitence, to confession of faults, to the resolution of better life! There one sees old people, young people, little children, calling on the Lord with a suppliant voice, and uttering to Him, from the depth of the heart, sobs and sighs with words of glory and praise! After the people, warned by the sound of trumpets and the sight of banners, have resumed their road, the march is made with such ease that no obstacles can retard it. When they have reached the church they arrange the waggons about it like a spiritual camp, and during the whole night they celebrate the watch by hymns and canticles. On each waggon they light tapers and lamps; they place there the infirm and sick, and bring them the precious relics of the Saints for their relief. Afterwards the priests and clerics close the ceremony by processions which the people follow with devout heart, imploring the clemency of the Lord and of his Blessed Mother for the recovery of the sick."

Complete devotion, self-abandonment, penitence and contrition—and yet, contrary to the modern view of these virtues, there was nothing washed-out about it. This was a period not only of yearning and aspiration, but of tremendous energy and virility. The cathedrals themselves prove this. Adams points out the fact that certain of them expressed the unity of Church and State, of God and man, Peace and War, Life and Death, Good and Bad, and adds that not until considerably later did they give expression to the modern idea of war as a discord in God's providence. This was a time when St. Michael was the patron saint of France,—"mightiest of all created spirits, the nearest to God. His place was where the danger was greatest; therefore you find him there." Adams has a marvellous power of catching from the carved stone the voice, the music of that day, and of expressing it in words that carry one upward in that same wave of aspiration. He describes the Salle des Chevaliers of the Order of St. Michael in the beautiful Abbey church that bears his name, and refers to "the instinct of the Archangel's presence which has animated his architecture. The masculine military energy of St. Michael lives still in every stone. The genius that realized this warlike emotion has stamped his power everywhere, on every centimetre of his work; in every ray of light; on the mass of every shadow; wherever the eye falls; still more strongly on all that the eye divines; and in the shadows that are felt like the lights."

Further on, when the cloister is being discussed, he says: "The architect meant to reassert, with all the art and grace he could command, the mastery of love, of thought and poetry, in religion, over the masculine, military energy of the great hall below. The thirteenth century rarely let slip a chance to insist on this moral that love is law." It would seem that here, in a few words, is shown one of the fundamental differences between the genius, the predominating "principle" of Rome, and that of France.

It is one of the most exquisite periods in history, with the beauty of realization, of fruition, the beauty of the full blown rose. The culmination of a minor

cycle only, but full of promise, rich in suggestion of the time when Christendom shall attain to its fruition, when the Cause of Christ shall have triumphed. Someone has said that the faith of the middle ages was as blind as it was sincere, and would have us believe that in that fact lay the reason for the inability of mediæval Europe to continue at the level then attained. However, in many theosophical writings the progress of the pilgrim along the Path is described as a series of steep ascents, each crowned by a lifting of the veil, a momentary seeing face to face; then the vision fades, the veil falls once more, and all that can be seen with clarity is the one rocky step next ahead. Such is then, presumably, the law of life, and in her subsequent course France but obeyed that law, gaining "correction through adversity and instruction through errors."

With regard to present-day nations, speculation along this line always carries with it the danger of losing perspective, of being unable to see the wood for the trees. It is proverbial too that a man with a pet theory sees corroboration of it in everything he meets. The *North American Review* for June, 1923, contains an article which, while it could in no way be regarded as corroborative evidence of any theory whatsoever, nevertheless calls attention to some straws which perhaps indicate the way the wind is now blowing. As indicated by the title, "The Midday Pause," the article is concerned with the two-hour rest in the middle of the day, which, in the Cathedral towns and villages of France has become almost a rite, and which is expressive of a philosophy totally unlike that of the greater part of the modern world. The writer contrasts the attitudes toward work and play which are, she claims, characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin peoples. The Anglo-Saxon works from necessity, or to satisfy some ambition, or because he has a definite end to gain by it,—perhaps in order to amass money which will enable him to avoid work, or to have power, possessions, prestige. And when he works, his work fills his horizon. "He cannot linger by the wayside to pick a flower and savour the joy, not of making but of being." This has continued at an ever swifter pace until incessant movement has become a part of his very existence; he lives in the midst of rushing activities, overshadowed by mountains of material facts. And in all his work there is some other reason than the work itself.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, is shown as regarding work as an integral part of life,—not set apart from play, not a thing to be hastened through with; work and play being interdependent parts of the whole. He takes his work and play as only a nation old in living, one that has spent centuries in learning the art, knows how to take them. In the midday pause, "even the black cat composes itself anew upon a window-sill which dates back to St. Louis, as generations of black cats have composed themselves before in its sunny corners. High noon is old—old as human beings. The little shops have always been there—there when the faithful, chanting, tugged the great blocks of stone to build the cathedral for the greater glory of God; there while the workmen reset the jewelled glass, carried away for safety during the Great War. Generations of children have come home at high noon, twittering like so many black-

birds. There are the creamery and the grocery and the oilshop and the butcher. And the neighbours know each other to a hair, and their children have always gone to school together and will remain together in town or village, unless perchance they take the plunge and marry elsewhere. The parents have worked from eight to eight and collected sous, and the children brought up with the same intensive frugality, collect sous too and keep them with the same tenacity, and the curé has christened and confirmed them and they have made their first communion together and slandered each other and been jealous and still stayed on next door because there is no reason why they shouldn't. And within the frame of this stability, there has been time—time for everything, time amid hard toil to agree upon the quietude of noon, to concentrate on superlative cooking, to think, to philosophize. The ready wits of the French people of whatever kind have not their roots in a rush, in a sustained effort to get something over which is tiresome and takes a lot of time. The philosophy, even the excellent diction, found in surprising places, is not the result of work or of play, but of a whole, complete mode of life, which contemplates them both alike and makes of both together a little cosmos."

One is reminded again of the letter already quoted and of the thought that a nation can perform its function properly only when it has fully digested its experience and has come to self-understanding. One can think of many ways of digesting experience and of gaining self-understanding that are more spectacular, more decisive perhaps, than collecting sous or philosophizing in a bakeshop; yet the simple, homely existence pictured here is a large part of the undercurrent of a nation's life, and a potent one, and as such it is indicative. *Through the Gates of Gold* speaks of admission to the "sanctuary of man's own nature, to the place whence his life power comes, and where he is priest of the shrine of life." This points to a state, of course, infinitely beyond that which the average Frenchman, or the average individual of any modern nation has attained. Is it too fanciful, however, to see a counterpart of it—a correspondence on a lower plane—in the picture of the midday pause, and in the Frenchman's attitude toward his life and his work and his play? We have every one of us experienced the power of brooding. Brood over a slight or a wrong and it can go to such a point that our injured feelings, our exasperation, perhaps our hatred become a power that sweeps all before it,—reason, judgment, discretion. The force we have generated by our brooding becomes master in our household. In the life of our own nation, the moving picture theatres and the current fiction magazines, both pouring forth a stream of filth which is the mental food of thousands of our people, suggest one kind of force that the nation's unpurposed brooding is generating,—certainly not a kind that will aid man to enter the "sanctuary of his own nature." The Frenchman's real life, says this writer, is "in doing and conducting things—whether he is selling wine or bad matches or postage stamps, or whether he is discussing or bragging in his café—not in changing them, or in spiritual earthquakes, whereby he obtains a superficial view of a great many things. He is not so much interested in selling as in the way of doing it, in the demeanour and circumstances of his neighbours, and not

only in the actual facts of their existence but in what they think and how they think it." While without doubt the Frenchman has a long course to follow before he shall have reached a point where his brooding has the "whole force of the spiritual world behind it," yet certain of the simple facts of French life, tend to convince one that France as a nation stands in the foremost rank, as western nations are ranged to-day—particularly if one has held that conviction all along!

There is one more pertinent thought from Professor Flint's book, one in which he draws very near to the theosophical teaching regarding the enduring personality—and again, by making it applicable equally to individual or to nation, he contributes still further to the theosophical interpretation of history. "Man is a spirit," he writes, "and therefore is not merely what he is made to be, but mainly what he makes himself to be; humanity is spiritual, and therefore not merely the passive subject of change and variation, but mainly self-formed and self-developed. Man is not born free, but he becomes free in the measure in which he becomes man, as he becomes man in the measure in which he becomes free. And only as he becomes himself can he learn to know himself. Humanity can only be the object of its own intelligence in the measure that it has realized itself, and revealed itself to itself, by its exertions and achievements. Self-knowledge and self-comprehension must follow on, and can merely be commensurate with the self-production and self-development which are due to freedom." As indicative of the sense in which the word freedom is used, he says: "That goal can only be a state in which humanity fully realizes all its powers, or, in other words, a state in which there are no other limits to the exercise of its powers than the very conditions of their complete and proper exercise,—the laws of nature, rationality, and morality. An individual, a nation, the race, can only be wholly free when in full possession of a true and entire self."

J. C.

Not the impulse, but the steady, even-paced purpose tells truly the story of the life.
S. D. Gordon.

PASCAL AND THE MYSTICS

THIS is the tercentenary of the French geometer and philosopher, Blaise Pascal (1623–1662). Many articles have appeared, showing his titles to greatness both in science and religion, for Pascal was, indeed, a great man, almost the last offshoot of the mighty stock of the Renaissance. In the force and amplitude of his mind and in the diversity of his interests, he seems to belong to the century of Leonardo da Vinci.

But there is another side of Pascal's life, which has received special attention—for good reason—since it bears directly on modern life. Coming at the end of the Renaissance, Pascal was in a certain sense also the first of the moderns. The apparent contradiction between science and religion seems to have been first formulated clearly by him in terms which leave no doubt as to the suffering of his mind and heart. The Renaissance had produced many skeptics, but few, if any of them, give the impression of having suffered from their unbelief. Indeed, their unbelief was not at all of the scientific order. They were often, like Montaigne, easy-going men of the world with an exceeding fondness for classical antiquity. Pascal was not of these. If we would find someone with whom to compare him, it is not Montaigne, but rather Huxley or Matthew Arnold or some other struggling soul of the Nineteenth Century. In short, Pascal suffered not from skepticism but from agnosticism, quite a different thing. He could not reconcile his mind with his heart, and could conceive of no other way of solving the problem than that of wholly suppressing the mind. Unfortunately, he was partly led to this by his association with the Jansenists of Port Royal, and his attitude toward the mental powers was dictated by the Jansenist doctrine of original sin and the total depravity of human nature. Therefore, when Pascal said that the Heart has reasons which the Reason does not know, he was speaking not as a mystic, but as a theologian having certain contemptuous views as to the ability of the intellect to symbolize Truth. We have heard that argument much repeated since Pascal's day, but there is reason to believe that Pascal did not thoroughly convince himself. He was not temperamentally a "fundamentalist" like Mr. Bryan. He had a powerful and logical intellect trained in mathematics and physics, and he forced himself to use that intellect in a half-hearted and illogical attempt to destroy itself. For what could be more illogical than the assumption that the heart, which also had been stained by the sin of Adam, was any more competent to represent Truth than the mind?

As Maurice Barrès remarked in his tercentenary address, Pascal was born into the lawyer caste, and inherited from his father a rigorous and stern conception of man as a creature doomed to answer for his sins before the Great Judge. However much he professed to despise human logic, Pascal was always logical—given his premises—when treating of the frailties of human nature,

reasoning clearly and directly from crime to punishment. The old tradition of the Roman Law, "to give to every man his due," was at the foundation of Pascal's thought, as it underlay so much of the Calvinist and Jansenist theology of the day. The Roman Law was, indeed, a magnificent achievement, the greatest monument of Imperial Rome; but it was not intended as a theological instrument. To apply its phrases literally to the relation between God and man, is as absurd as to apply them literally to the relation between a loving parent and a naughty little child; for the Roman Law was framed to regulate the relations between beings on the same plane of responsibility. In any event, at the same time that Pascal was proclaiming the superiority of the Heart to the Reason, he was using his Reason to fashion a doctrine which virtually denied the superiority of the Heart.

This seems to be Pascal's tragedy,—that like other agnostics he was impelled by love of Truth, but shackled by prejudices which obscured the Truth when it was made manifest to him. Pascal was too profound to be deceived by scientific materialism, but was prejudiced by adherence to a hard and dogmatic theology, which led him to misinterpret his genuine religious experience. Thus the "Reason" which Pascal ruled out of his life, had its revenge, and prevented him from understanding what the Divine Presence had revealed in his heart.

A distinguished French Academician, Henri Brémond, has discussed Pascal's difficulty in an article on "Pascal and the Mystics" in *La Revue de Paris* (June 15, 1923). The article is so illuminating that it is regrettable that it has not been translated into English, for it not only makes clear the weakness of Pascal's method, but gives a most lucid rationale of the true mystical experience, which underlay Pascal's conversion. "The greatness of Pascal is to have imagined a mystical method for the conversion of the skeptic, but unfortunately he misunderstood the character of this method and the principles which justify it. It is admirable as long as it harmonizes with mystical experience, but deceptive and even dangerous when it tries to stand alone."

Following this statement, the Abbé Brémond explains just what he means by mystical experience, and his exposition is so luminous and withal so theosophical, that we are going to quote him at some length.

"*In eo vivimus et movemur et sumus:* the mystics start from this axiom. Whether we be good or evil, Pagan or Christian, God is in us. Or better, we are in him; we cannot act unless he acts in us and by us; he is in us before all our acts and from the beginning of our existence. He is there, not as a thing, but as the living principle of all life. He is there, not as an idea, for the idea of God is not God. He is there before I love him and although I do not love him . . . The presence of God forms, creates and sustains our inclination and need to love him, which are, indeed, the real and living shadow of his presence. . . . The special privilege of the mystics is the ease with which they enter this central zone, and the intensity of the inner activities of their consciousness. All men are potentially mystics, and become such in fact from that moment when they acquire a certain consciousness of God in themselves.

"Contemplation or mystic knowledge is to be distinguished both from

rational knowledge, which is acquired by means of concepts, and from sense-knowledge. It is knowledge, like the former, but indeterminate and confused; it is contact, like the latter, but the contact of spirit with spirit . . . Thus the mystics do not prefer one *idea* to another *idea*. To rational knowledge, which is formed of ideas, they oppose experience, that very mysterious but real experience which unites the centre of their being, not with an idea of God, but with God himself.

"But it is a most important and little known fact that the mystics do not oppose this experience to intellectual knowledge, as if these two were enemies. Mystic theologians have no need, like Pascal, to humiliate the intellect. Both intellect and contemplation are drawn towards the same object, but in different ways; the one seeks the Truth, the other the Reality of God. The flame is not at war with the hearth. There is one soul, which has a centre and a circumference, which reasons about God and which possesses him. . . . The immediate perception of the real, directs and inspires the intellect and the will, to the degree that these are attuned to the influence of the centre, and this results in rendering our obscure possession of the real more definite and more productive. The mystic is not content with possessing God; unless he fall into quietism, he must ardently desire that all his outer nature, his thinking and willing faculties shall participate in this possession, submitting by acts of adoration and love to the divine presence. . . .

"The philosophy of the mystics is essentially optimistic, in sharp contrast to the philosophy of Jansenius and his school. It always presupposes the divine presence in us, active and radiant at the centre of the soul; as well as the perpetual possibility of our coming into contact with this presence and of uniting ourselves with it. Original sin and present sin cannot break this contact which gives us being, nor check the radiance which is the principle of our life. It is not true that our faculties have been perverted, but rather that sin has strengthened our natural inclination towards a vain and superficial life. Thus the whole problem consists in finding a way to restore or to maintain a state of harmony between our two selves, to reunite our outer with our inner activity."

STANLEY V. LADOW.

Happiness is a habit—cultivate it.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

FOR us truly to understand Catherine the woman, Catherine the mystic; for us to see with comprehending eyes the inner life of her spirit, its visions and its aspirations, we must know something of the outer circumstances of her birth, of the surroundings and environment of her early life, of those moulds of physical heredity and thought and feeling, those characteristics of family and of race, which necessarily influenced and formed to a great degree the outward expression of her inner life and purpose. We must think, too, of Catherine as a servant of those spiritual Powers of the Unseen who have laboured ceaselessly through centuries to send light into the darkness of this world. We must think of her as choosing voluntarily to be one of those who, at that moment of time in this world's history, could be a bearer of that Light, and who was to incarnate in order to undertake the mission appointed. Necessarily, in order to labour effectively in the world of that day, she must have sacrificed, voluntarily for that incarnation, such occult memory and knowledge as she possessed, and having made the sacrifice, eagerly, gladly, on fire to serve and to further the purpose of those great Powers, we must picture, as far as we can, the influences of all kinds, within and without, which furthered or which restricted the fulfilment of her mission. We must try to see the ways in which she used, or in which she failed to use, those outer circumstances which were her tools. In no other way can we obtain an understanding of the inner life of the soul of the woman, of its struggles and its victories, of its ecstasy and its anguish, above all, of that fire of love which burned steadfastly in inner triumph and understanding and vision, and in outer defeat.

A daughter of the people, she "came forth from the vigorous breast of the community to which she belonged. Hers was the middle condition; neither too high nor too low to understand the thoughts and needs of men in every state."[1] For Catherine Benincasa, born in 1347, in Siena, was the daughter of a master dyer, a man honourable and of the governing class, well-to-do in this world's goods at the time of Catherine's birth. He was deeply religious, "one who noted signs and wonders in common things and ordinary circumstances." Catherine's mother, Lapa Benincasa, was of a different type, robust, frugal, a careful and excellent housewife, outspoken but affectionate. Catherine was one of many brothers and sisters. Even as a very little girl, with long golden brown

[1] The quotations in this article, as well as many of the facts upon which it is based, are from the following works:

The Mystic Bride, by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson, London; T. Werner Laurie.

Saint Catherine of Siena, by Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., London; J. M. Dent & Co., 1907.

Saint Catherine of Siena, by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*, London; Methuen & Co., 1906.

Saint Catherine of Siena as Seen in Her Letters, by Vida D. Scudder, London; J. M. Dent & Sons.

The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, by Algar Thorold, London; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

hair and smiling eyes and mouth, Catherine was full of that charm of manner and of gesture which later on was to be of such inestimable service to her in her work and in her contact with people in the world. She was an immense favourite with other children, but she was beloved as well by all the elders in that district of Siena, for besides her gaiety and high spirit she early showed unusual qualities of mind and heart, and her talk was full of a strange power which turned the thoughts of men to God. Without education of any sort, she was yet deeply thoughtful, and she loved to sit quietly in a corner and listen to the friars who came to talk with her father of religious matters. They were, for the most part, of the Order of St. Dominic, and from them Catherine learned much of the great saint, whom she made her model.

Visions came early to her. In her sixth year she was returning to her home one evening with her little brother Stefano, and crossing the valley she began to climb the street that led to the Fullonica, her home, while her brother ran on ahead. The great church of St. Dominic stood out dark against the sunset, and gazing upward as she climbed, she saw in the sky above the church a vision of Christ with St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John. The Lord smiled on her, and blessed her, making over her the sign of the Cross. Catherine, motionless and spellbound, stood gazing up into the sky, insensible to the passers-by, deaf to the urgings of her little brother, who was calling to her to join him. Impatient at last, Stefano ran back, and taking her by the hand shook her rather roughly. Startled and weeping, Catherine cried out—"Oh, if you had seen the beautiful thing which I saw, you would not have done that!"

It was the beginning of all things for her, this call to a little child to his Kingdom by the Saviour of the world. It was the beginning, not only of those visions of the world of the real which later became constant, but the commencement as well of a definite turning to and desire for the religious life. For from that day Catherine became more thoughtful, graver; she loved to escape to quiet places where she could say her child's prayers undisturbed, or to sit alone in the Church of St. Dominic pondering over the visions which she had seen. Often she gathered her little companions around her, and talked to them of her Lord, while they listened with the rapt attention which later was shown by men and women of the world. But as she grew in years, this obvious desire of hers for the religious life met increasingly with the disapproval of her family, for they regarded it all as but the passing fancy of a child, and were bent on arranging for her an advantageous marriage. For Catherine there was to be but one wedding; to be the bride of heaven was her sole heart's desire; she had already surrendered herself in her heart, and in fullest obedience, to her call. This opposition of hers to her family's plans, to the long-established custom of her time, must have seemed to her parents very like disobedience. So, as punishment and discipline and in order to put pressure on her to yield, she was told that she could no longer have a room of her own, and all the hardest and most menial part of the housework was put upon her.

Unshaken by this, and undisturbed, Catherine went about her household work cheerful and happy and gay. She found a little corner where she could

pray undisturbed, where she could draw near in quiet to the unseen world she loved which was her true home, her true source of inspiration and of dawning understanding. For it must be remembered that Catherine could not read as a child; that in those early days, as later in life as well, wisdom and true vision came to her by direct revelation and not through the written page; and this inspiration she carried even then into her outer work, kneeling on every step as she went up or down the stairway in the most complete devotion; imagining, as she went about her household duties, that her father represented her Lord; her mother, Mary; her brothers, the apostles and disciples; and that she was working for them in the Temple. She found an opportunity sometimes of stealing quietly away into the country which she loved; and once, resolved to lead the life of a hermit and a solitary—for there were many such near Siena of whom she had heard—she set off one day to find her cave, taking with her a loaf of bread, in case as she said, "the angels should delay coming to feed me." She found her cave amid rocks some way below the walls of the city, and kneeling there to return thanks for this great discovery, she felt herself lifted up out of the body, time and space transcended—a true and sure test, it has been said, of the reality of spiritual experience—and experienced a foretaste of that ecstasy of communion which was to be hers in increasing degree with the years. As she descended, and ordinary consciousness returned, she felt that her Lord did not wish her to remain in the cave; night, too, was coming on, and the loneliness made her child's heart uneasy, and she began to think of the sorrow and distress there would be at home when they could not find her. She prayed again for direction, and started to retrace her steps, running as she drew near to the Fullonica, in the darkening twilight, with that swift lightness and ethereal grace of hers which seemed something more than human, only to find, most disconcerting discovery of all, that her absence had not been noticed.

But Giacomo Benincasa had watched his beloved daughter with a seeing eye and an understanding heart; long since it had dawned on him that here was no momentary whim for things religious, and time convinced him that Catherine had found her true vocation, that her professions were real. Still, in order to be sure, he waited for a sign, and a sign was given him; he came upon her unawares one day while she was kneeling in prayer, and saw a snow-white dove hovering over her head. This to Giacomo was proof positive; it was the Holy Spirit which hovered over his child; Catherine was free from that moment, as far as her family was concerned, to follow her call.

Now, at the age of sixteen, there began for Catherine those years of solitude and isolation, broken by only one short interval, in which there came to her a wealth of knowledge and spiritual experience, a high degree of self-conquest and self-understanding. A little room in the basement of her father's home was given to her, where lights burned day and night before a crucifix; and there for more than three years Catherine lived retired, visited only by her confessor and her mother. Her bed was a plank, with a log for a pillow, and upon it she would take the few hours sleep which she allowed herself, rising again in the

night to pray during those periods when the Dominicans in their monastery on the hill were sleeping, that the stream of intercession might be always unbroken. In this cell she wore the hair-shirt and the chain-girdle, flogging herself thrice daily until the blood flowed, eating only increasingly small morsels of bread and vegetables, swallowing only a mouthful of water, until her active and vigorous young body was reduced and wasted to a shadow, and her health impaired. Such austerities are singularly repulsive to-day to the thought of an age which makes a god of the body; in which no evil is greater than physical pain, nothing so much to be desired as comfort and ease. But one must recall the extent to which Catherine was hemmed in by the moulds of Church, one must remember that in her time there was but one Church, the sole source of all precedent and tradition and example for those who wished to lead the religious life, inner or outer. Her great hope was that through her light might come, first within that Church itself, and then through the Church into the world outside; later on, in the effort to realize that hope, she attempted to work solely through existing ecclesiastical machinery and organization, and forced as it were the autocratic principles of papal rule into all her outer activities. So, in that first inner struggle, and in that first passionate devotion and self-surrender, she turned for self-discipline to such extreme penances, because she had the instruction of the Church, and the examples of many great saints to remind her that this was the proved Way, that by these self-imposed austerities, by this vicarious atonement, and through the steadfast motive and purpose behind it, spiritual help for the many would result.

In her intense humility she believed implicitly that through her own inner sins and shortcomings she herself was responsible for much of the evil and sin that she saw in the world about her. The turbulence of physical life may have played its part, but it has been said that Catherine's austerities were practised "not only to bring her strong young body into subjection, but because she believed that, since we are members one of another, her sufferings could help the souls of others," and that her "otherwise incomprehensible self-accusations of causing misfortunes and failures in the Church are made intelligible by her view that by the godly or ungodly life of one member, all the others are either strengthened or weakened." Unquestionably, in the fervour of her desire and in the intensity of her longing for perfection and for the coming of Christ's Kingdom on earth, she confused the issue, came to regard what was a means only, as an end in itself; it was the beginning of that same tendency which manifested itself later on in her externalization, in her too great absorption in the fascination and interest of her outer and political work. Unquestionably, too, she was told directly of this mistake, and came later to understand it. For in her *Dialogue* is the following: "'I have shown thee, dearest daughter, that the guilt is not punished in this finite time by any pain which is sustained purely as such.'" And, again, "And I say, that the guilt is punished by the pain which is endured through the desire, love and contrition of the heart; not by virtue of the pain, but by virtue of the desire of the soul, inasmuch as desire and every virtue is of value, and has life in itself, through Christ cruci-

fied." In proof that the lesson was learned in terms of penance, we find her writing later to "Sister Daniella of Orvieto, clothed with the habit of Saint Dominic, who not being able to carry out her great penances had fallen into deep affliction," insisting that penance be treated as a means and not as a chief desire—"Dost thou know why it must not be chief? That the soul may not serve God with a thing that can be taken from it, and that is finite; but with holy desire, which is infinite, through its union with the infinite desire of God; . . . Herein, must we make our foundation and not in penance."

Times of inner struggle came, of wrestling with the powers of evil and of darkness, in the solitude of her retirement, for in spite of desire and intention' Catherine unquestionably had her periods of reaction. Looking into her heart she saw that all pride of life and of self was not dead, she found at times her thoughts wandering to the things of the world, her imagination dwelling on all that she had renounced, self-pity uppermost, fears as to her powers of endurance, strong. She prayed for fortitude: "She prayed not for deliverance, but for strength to overcome." And fortitude and strength came, and with them release from oppression and persecution of evil, and much more. "O Lord," she cried, "where wert Thou when my heart was so vexed—?" "Daughter," replied the Saviour, "I was in thine heart." The light came, and Catherine saw "that her pains at the thought of sinning had been her merit, and must serve for the increase of her fortitude,—that divine grace was there in her revulsion from evil, although she had not felt it as a present comfort. She knew herself to have been safely carried over a stage of experience that could never again distract or frighten her." "Now that by my help," it is recorded that she heard Christ say, "thou hast manfully fought out thy battle, know that I am, and will be ever, in thy heart more openly, and that I will visit thee yet oftener and more lovingly than before."

"Thus did Catherine Benincasa come to dwell in the two cells in one—knowledge of herself and knowledge of her God—wherein alone can be lived the truly Christian life." She came to learn "that the cell of the religious like the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and that that cell to be a true one must be in two parts." In her solitude Catherine came very close to the unseen world. She smelt the fragrance of celestial lilies, she heard the strains of heavenly music. "Father," she said one day to Fra Tommaso, "do you not hear the Magdalene, how she sings with a high voice and with grace of singular sweetness?" The latter part of each day was for her a time of vision and of ecstasy. Whether in the body or out of the body, she knew not, but time and space ceased to exist and her little cell was, as it were, "hung up by the four corners," and she entered into those mysteries of spiritual experience which she always felt could not adequately be described by any later words of hers, and were known by their fruits only, into those realms of the world of the unseen where forms are thought of as formless, but where forms may perhaps for the first time become real. Her Lord himself appeared to her constantly, conversing with her familiarly as friend with friend, calling her "my daughter Catherine" as she sat listening at his feet, or walking up and down the room with her

as they recited the Psalms together, alternately repeating verses, as was the habit of religious. She learned to distinguish between the illusions of the psychic world and real experience, to know surely true vision from the false hallucinations of the powers of evil and of darkness. Again she was directly guided, and in her *Dialogue* we find the following—"If Thou askest Me how it is to be known whether a visitation is from Me or from the Devil, I reply to thee that this is the sign. If it is the Devil who has come into thy mind in a form of light, as has been said, to visit it, thou wilt suddenly feel in his coming great joyousness, but as he stays thou wilt gradually lose joyousness, and thy mind will be left in tedium or excitement, darkening thee within. But if the soul is in truth visited by Me, Eternal Truth, she will, in the first sensation, experience holy fear, and with this fear, joy and security, with a sweet prudence, that in doubting, does not doubt.—If it be of Me, her first sensation will be one of holy fear, her second joyousness, and at the end she will feel joy and hunger for the Virtues." Simple and direct, as vitally and fundamentally true for the beginner in religion to-day as it was for the Saint centuries ago. As we live the life we come to know of the doctrine, whether or not it be of God; we become able to distinguish by its fruits and its results, not only within us but through the outer expressions of our acts, the reality of our inner experience. It is to be a doer, and not a hearer only, that counts; one must not rest in the joy of spiritual experience alone; it is as a means that it is given. For the *Dialogue* continues—"I have thus shown thee a means by which the soul, if she will go humbly and with prudence, cannot be deceived, which she will be if she tries to navigate herself by means of her imperfect love of consolations, rather than by love of Me, as I have told thee." Again to Catherine was the direct warning given not to confuse the means with the end; the same tendency was re-asserting itself, on a higher plane of spiritual experience; the danger of it all, if persisted in, in the great outer work to which she was soon to be called, was plain to those clear and far-seeing eyes which were directing Catherine's mission.

In the cell of her heart, therefore, Catherine had ever before her the thought and the vision of her Lord; and if, in striving after fortitude, in the fire of her longing for clear and true understanding, in her effort to acquire a particular virtue or grace, she lost, for the time and in part, her hold on some still higher truth, she had always as her objective the perfection of faith and of love. Constantly she prayed that the consciousness of her Lord's presence in her heart might be perpetual; the promise "I will espouse thee to Me, in faith," had for long rung in her ears. Finally, one day, toward the end of these three years of retirement, when all Siena was gay and feasting during the last of the Carnival, and rioting and indulgence were rife, Catherine was on her knees in her cell, praying that she might be allowed to make reparation, to atone, for the sins that were even then being committed by the people of her city. Again came the words, and with them the fulfilment of the promise. The Lord Christ appeared and spoke—"Because thou hast forsaken all the vanities of the world, and set thy love upon Me, and because thou hast, for My sake, rather chosen to afflict thy body with fasting, than to eat flesh with others, especially

at this time, when all others that dwell round about thee, yea and those also that dwell in the same house with thee, are banqueting and making good cheer, therefore I am determined this day to keep a solemn feast with thee and with great joy and pomp to espouse thy soul to Me in faith." Then Catherine saw a multitude of saints and angels hovering near; a ring with precious stones, yet ever invisible to other eyes than hers, was placed on her finger; and the Divine Voice said;—"Behold I here espouse thee to Me, thy Maker and Saviour in Faith, which shall continue in thee from this time forward, evermore unchanged, until the time shall come of a blissful consummation in the joys of heaven. Now then, act courageously; thou art crowned with faith and shalt triumph over all thy enemies."

The first hint of a greater call, in those militant words. The first suggestion of the need for effort and fortitude and endurance against enemies other than those inner ones against which Catherine had fought so valiantly in her cell. "Now then, act courageously." Yet, up to that time, there is nothing to show that Catherine had regarded these years of solitude as in any sense an inner preparation for an outer work. That she was to wage war against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, was as yet no part of her understanding of the call which had come to her. It was still the inner warfare, the inner life of meditation and communion, which claimed her soul's attention. But the preparation, even if not consciously made, was almost complete. For long Catherine had prayed that the Lord would take away her will and would put his will in its place, meditating often on these words in the Psalms: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Now one day, in the midst of a great light, it seemed to Catherine, that the exchange which she had desired was effected, and that the Lord, taking away her own heart, placed within her side his Sacred Heart, burning with the holy fire of love and obedience and sacrifice. It was the crowning gift. It was the symbol of all Truth. It was love that had made possible the Blood, made possible that obedience unto death. In Catherine's own words: "Nails were not enough to hold God and Man nailed and fastened on the cross, had not love held him there." And in this vision of the wounded side; in this exchange of hearts, so vital to the needs of the world as well as to the individual soul, Catherine came to see the consummation of her preparation, found for herself that fire of love and of obedience which burned away self-will for all time, and turned all sacrifice into joy.

Immediately prior to the beginning of the three years of solitude, Catherine had earnestly desired to join the third order of St. Dominic. Of this order, the Sisters, living in the world, were clothed in the black and white habit and were called the Mantellate. In those early days she had had a vision of Saint Dominic himself, who had promised her that she should be vested in the habit which she desired. But the members of the order were all women of mature age, and at first Catherine's request met with an emphatic refusal. Later, falling ill with some sickness akin to small-pox, Catherine became so wasted and

so temporarily disfigured, that her mother became alarmed. Upon being told by Catherine that there was every likelihood that she would be taken out of this world unless she were allowed to join the order which she desired, Lapa became her most willing emissary, and as a result of her earnest pleading with the Prioress of the Order on Catherine's behalf, a deputation of sisters was sent to see Catherine, and decided for the admission of the postulant. "Of a strong will," Catherine, "acquired the special grace of taking rebuffs sweetly and the habit of veiling tenacity in a manner of gentleness. But in youth, at least, she never rested till she had her way. By her, as by others, the lesson that God's ways are not as our ways, had to be learned. It was Catherine's glory that she studied it deeply when it came to be presented to her. But at seventeen she had not mastered it, though, like many another ardent maiden starting out on a chosen career, she undoubtedly felt that she had solved life's problem when, about the year 1364, in the Church of San Dominico, she was vested with the greatly desired habit, mantle and veil according to the customary form and in the presence of many brothers and sisters of the Order into which she entered."

It was, then, in the black and white habit of the Order, which she never again left off until the day of her death, that Catherine came forth into the world again sometime in the year 1367, and outwardly resumed the life of her family. The decision to do this was not suddenly arrived at; gradually she had come to see that she must renounce this life of contemplation, and at first it was in terms of helping the people of her city that she thought. The words, "Now then, act courageously," rang in her ears. It was a repetition on a far larger scale of her childish perception that instead of being a hermit she must go home. "I have a mission for thee," the inward Voice answered, to her search for light as to her course, "and it is My will that thou should'st appear in public. Wherever thou goest I will be with thee and never leave thee." And so, quietly, unpretendingly, still without any preconceived purpose or definite idea as to what her future work was to be, but awaiting her Master's word, she took her place in the daily life of the community. She visited the poor among her neighbours, distributing among them of her father's wealth, for Giacomo had granted her permission to give away as much as she saw fit. She cared for the sick, and the lepers, of whom there were many, as had St. Francis and St. Clare in their day. "Her name gradually became known far beyond the ward of the Oca; her voice, lovely both in speech and song, soothed dying beds; her touch and prayers healed the sick; it was told that the daughter of Giacomo Benincasa cured when the doctor had said there was no hope, and with each sufferer restored to health her fame grew." Her reputation and her influence spread in the city, and she was called upon to decide and settle many of the disputes and feuds, bitter and of long-standing, which existed between masters and workmen, and between families. She visited and prayed with criminals and malefactors. In a famous letter to Father Raymond of Capua she describes the execution of a young knight of Perugia, Niccolo Tuldo, who had been condemned to death for criticism of the Sienese Government. Catherine

went to him when he was utterly lost in incredulity, rage, and despair, bringing to him such comfort and consolation that he willingly received the Communion, which he never before received, and spoke calmly and only of the goodness of God. Catherine awaited him at the place of execution, as she had promised, with a soul so full that of all the multitude of people about she could see not one, and making the sign of the cross, she received his head in her hands as the executioner's stroke fell. "Then came a vision of the Master, God-and-Man, the primal Truth, receiving in the fire of his divine charity the soul of Niccolo, sharing with him the crucified love with which he received painful and shameful death" through obedience, and a vision of the soul of Niccolo, turning on the threshold of Life, with a sweet gesture full of love and comprehension, to give a sign of thanks to her who had accompanied him. Surely one of the great letters of the world, full of intense emotion and excitement, but full too of spiritual experience and knowledge vouchsafed, that transcended expression; an effort to tell in mere human words what outer eye hath not seen nor outer ear heard; a great desire to convey to the heart of man that which can only be truly discerned by an inner and purified intelligence.

It was now that Catherine's special devotion to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper began; in very truth she was dependent on it, not only for inner and spiritual strength and inspiration, but for physical and bodily sustenance as well, for her years of austerities had so impaired her vital powers that it was with the greatest difficulty that she could force herself to swallow the most minute particles of food. "To those who criticized her almost entire abstinence from human food, she would answer humbly: 'God for my sins has smitten me with a singular infirmity, by which I am totally prevented from taking food; I would eat right willingly but cannot. Pray for me that he may forgive me my sins, because of which I suffer every ill.'" Persecution, in addition to criticism, was her lot as well, and she was deprived at times by the Dominican friars of the Sacrament, for when she communicated in their church, so great was her fervour and devotion, that she would remain lost for long after in an ecstasy of thanksgiving and rapture, unconscious of all outer things. Once, under such circumstances she was thrown out of the church into the street to lie in the broiling sun, where a passing friar kicked her brutally as she lay helpless. She was robbed by the friars of the money which she had for the poor. She was called hypocrite and deceiver; her very popularity itself aroused ill-will and jealousy; it was said that her fasts were for outer effect, that she ate well enough in secret; and other more dangerous and scandalous charges against her were not lacking, and to such an extent were evil reports spread that upon one occasion Catherine was called before a meeting of the Mantellate to defend herself. Slander was continuous and even her patriotism was questioned. But Catherine's high courage was nothing daunted, although, as she herself put it, for well-doing she received evil, for the honour which she sought to do her fellow citizens she received shame, and in return for life she was given death. Rather did she rejoice and persevere in all that she did. "When our Saviour hung on the Cross and heard the ungrateful talk of the people

around, did he for their cruel words abandon the work of their redemption?" she asked.

By degrees this storm of disapproval died away, and Catherine was surrounded once more by loving respect and reverence. The plague came again to visit Siena, and Catherine was everywhere, inspiring and heartening all in the horror of that time by her cheerfulness, her activity and devotion. She had always nursed the sick, and had healed many of divers complaints who had already drawn near to the valley of the shadow, through the faith and the love within her, through her own sure inner knowledge of those spiritual defects and causes which accentuate, even when they do not actually produce, the most distressing outer physical symptoms. To her, bodily ills were small in comparison with these inner corruptions, and when, in spite of all efforts at nursing on her part, six of her little nephews and nieces died of the plague, she buried them with her own hands, saying joyfully and without a tear, "These, at least, I have not lost." But in this time of her city's distress, when courage and hope were gone, and men's hearts were failing them for fear, the slim figure in the black and white habit, erect and vigorous and active, impervious to contagion, sustained by an inexhaustible inner force, moved ever about among the suffering. Gladness and joy radiated from her; others caught fire from the glow of her enthusiasm, and found new strength. She trained the novices in nursing; she had so much to teach beside the outer care of bodies! In the height of the plague Messer Matteo, Rector of the great Hospital of the Misericordia, worn out with high pressure of work and the care of those for whom he was responsible, was found helpless and speechless; the rumour spread that the scourge had claimed another victim, and his room was filled with all classes of people, rich and poor alike, who loved him and who had come to mourn and to pray. Messengers ran to seek Catherine, who came quickly. She saw at a glance the physical danger of the man; she saw too the danger that lay in the atmosphere of the room itself, in the stark fear and despair that hung there like a cloud. She prayed, turning for help within, and at that contact with the world of the real, Life itself, flooding through her, reached the sick man. Instinctively, with gay humour, with a quiet decision that carried untold confidence, she cried out, "Messer Matteo, rise! Rise up, Messer Matteo; rise! This is no time to lie sluggishly in your bed." The cure was made; the recovery was only a question of time. To those round about, it was a miracle; to Catherine, a working of universal law. Her only fear lay in the words of commendation, of worship almost, which she knew she would hear, and she departed quickly from among their midst.

"For the King of glory who must reign until He has put all things under His feet, Catherine ever worked, counting her body as dead; studying, applying and interpreting the things of the soul. Her ways remained so winning, her words so direct and yet so tempered with the love she bore her neighbour; her pity for all the afflicted, the depressed and the restless of mankind kept always so instinctive, that great families—usually through the introduction of some member who had come beneath the sway of Catherine's personal kind-

ness and interest—sought her help in the healing of divisions and the making of peace. . . . The woman on her knees or prone upon the ground, humbly appealing to a Strength above and beyond her, moved the offended and sullen ones more than arguments could have done." It was this reputation as a peace-maker, as well as the stories of her miracles and the reports of her personal sanctity, together with her eloquent and golden speech which began to draw to her many followers, disciples. They came to her from all walks of life, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, noble and peasant, eager to renounce the world, to serve under her direction. She called them her spiritual "family"; when she went abroad, she was always accompanied by one or more of the Mantellate; those of the men who were better educated—Neri, Bartolommeo, Maconi, Raymond—she made her secretaries, and to them she dictated her letters. The two last became her biographers; all were converts and pupils; all had turned to her through some sin, through sorrow, through inner need. All had found, through her, new motive and purpose, catching fire from her enthusiasm and life, gaining wisdom and strength through service. She ruled them gently, with love, but with an iron authority; in spite of all temporary uncertainty or weakness on their part, she put, as she said, such a yoke on their necks that they never slipped away. Upon the death of Giacomo Benincasa, and upon the break-up of the family at the time of the Revolution in Siena, her mother Lapa became one of the Mantellate, and lived as one of Catherine's family, under the direction and authority of her daughter. During this period Catherine was visited often by learned divines, who came to propound intricate and weighty theological questions, in order to trip, to perplex and confuse her. Strong through infusion of divine grace, Catherine met bland hypocrisy with gentle diplomacy, clearing away the confusion of words until the Truth shone through, or, straight to the point and direct in her answers, she confounded her questioners, breaking down all barriers and reaching their very hearts.

So in all ways, inner and outer, things moved forward to a time of active participation in the affairs of the Church, in questions of political and of national moment. Catherine knew now to what she had been called. She had prayed earnestly that she might soon be freed from the encumbrance of the body and united to her Lord, and there had fallen upon her a mystical death, a suspension of all bodily activity and functioning of several hours' duration, during which those about her had believed her to be actually dead. In this state of spiritual consciousness, of clear vision,—like Dante's of Heaven, Purgatory and Hell—she was told to repeat what she saw, what the Divine Voice said to her: "'Seest thou of what great glory they are deprived, and with what grievous torments they are punished, who offend Me? Return, then, and make known to them their error, their danger, and loss.' And, for that my soul shrank with horror from this return, the Lord added: 'The Salvation of many souls demands thy return, nor shalt thou any more keep that way of life that thou hast hitherto kept, nor shalt thou henceforth have thy cell for habitation: nay, thou shalt have to go forth from thine own city for the welfare of souls. I

shall be always with thee, and shall guide thee and bring thee back; thou shalt bear the honour of My name and witness to spiritual things before small and great, the laity no less than the clergy and religious; for I shall give thee speech and wisdom which none will be able to withstand.'"

From this time on, Catherine's work was done openly, before the world. Italy was torn by dissension, city was opposed to city, bands of armed marauders ravaged the countryside. The Church was corrupt and worldly; the Pope, held to be "Christ on earth," was absent with his cardinals at Avignon; the Orders were evil and lax; pride and avarice and immorality were rife among the clergy. To Catherine had come the vision of a world-embracing brotherhood, to be made possible by a Church reformed and purified, by the power and the love of Christ working through this Church; to the reform of the Church, then, Catherine dedicated her life. We can picture her in the varied outer scenes of those busy years, receiving as the ambassadress of the Pope to Pisa or to Florence, the adulation of the people, as they knelt and kissed her hands. We can see her at Avignon, pleading with all of her heart's eloquence with Gregory to return to Rome; we can imagine that momentary triumph and joy when later on, slim and erect and full of grace in the black and white habit, she walked at last before Gregory as he made his entry through the streets of Rome. We can hear with a thrill her clarion call to the nations of Europe to a Crusade, to unite under the gonfalon of the Holy Cross to free the Sepulchre. We can enter into the disappointment, the anguish, of those later years in Rome, when all outer effort seemed to have failed, when the cardinals rose against Urban and the Great Schism rent the Church. Through all the distractions, the confusion and turmoil, of these outer events the Church was always first in her mind and heart; her feminine nature, emotional and sympathetic, loyal and given utterly to implicit obedience, saw only that first state of the Church to which it must return, when the honour of God and the salvation of souls came first, and men cared only for spiritual things and not for temporal. But her very obedience made her hold fast to the forms and moulds of the Church, made her again confuse the end and the means; although she called upon the Pope to reform the evil and corrupt priests, she enjoined people to love them "by reason of the virtue and dignity of the Sacrament." "One wonders if Catherine saw how bound she was to the triumph-car of the papacy, and how inconsistent with much of her own teaching were those other words of hers." In her call to a great Crusade there appears to have been, not only the thought of the spiritual power made available for use in the world by a gathering of the nations with such a community of holy resolve and high purpose, but a motive shrewdly politic as well; a military expedition to the Holy Land against the Turks, with the Pope at its head, would have done much to still faction and difference, to revive the prestige of the papacy and restore its power. In the sweep and activity of Catherine's outer life there came an increasing absorption in the political aspects of the warfare which she was waging, in the externals and in the details of that outer activity itself; never less close in her inner self to the world of the Real, she failed in certain ways to

grasp the relative significance of outer calls to effort, failed therefore to give free opportunity for its expression to that inner power which was working in and through her. "Catherine as the Prophetess of things Divine and as Seer of the evils that contaminated human character and human institutions; Catherine as the Peacemaker, between man and man, family and family, political party and political party, Church and State, was Catherine the Woman and Catherine the Saint. But Catherine as the mouthpiece of a policy, as the ambassadress of a potentate, as the puppet of a political organization, was lower than the divine Mother of Souls she had come to be, and less than the Holy Maid she had been."

But it is not the record of the measure of her success or of her failure in that outer work which so absorbed her in those later years of her life, which concerns us here. Rather is it the record of the inner life of Catherine the Woman, Catherine the Saint; and that inner record is contained, not only in her *Dialogue*, but in her letters. She wrote, on political questions, letters of spiritual exhortation and appeal to Kings and Queens, popes and cardinals, great nobles and soldiers. She wrote as well letters touching and loving, full of the most tender counsel to men and women of the world, to recluses and religious, to prisoners and outcasts. These letters all begin with the same words, with the same note of humility and love:—"I, Catherine, servant and slave of the servants of Jesus Christ, write." They all end with the words, "Sweet Jesus, Jesus love," as if she were in truth offering up all that she had written to him, with the prayer that he would bless and further her effort, that he would take into his care and would help the person to whom she had written. Dictated as they all were to her secretaries, for she learned to write only three years before her death, they are full of the impetuous outpourings of her heart; full, to one who may read between the lines, of her own inner experience. To one who can so read, "before long the very accents of a living woman will reach his ears. He will hear her voice, now eagerly pleading with friend or wrongdoer, now brooding tender as a mother-bird over some fledgling soul, now broken with sobs as she mourns over the sins of Church and world, and again chanting high prophecy of restoration and renewal, or telling in awe-struck undertone sacred mysteries of the interior life." With a deep and true knowledge of the world and of human hearts, she enters with a warm and understanding tenderness into every phase of consciousness. But whether she is dealing with the crudest sins or the most subtle shades of inner experience; whether she is bidding the Pope resign if he feel unequal to the work to which his Lord is calling him, or whether, in tender and playful vein, she is writing to the little maid, Nanna, her niece; one finds in these letters infinitely more than merely the personal record of her inner as well as of her outer life. The clear vision, and the directness of authority with which she writes make vivid the evil which she is combating; the letters are permanent rules of conduct for all time; the way out is shown. For although the note of humility is first struck, we find her, now unrelenting in condemnation and severe in rebuke, now pleading for tolerance and forbearance; now writing of abstract duty, and

now in terms of most practical direction; and always, at the last, straight to the point, the evil at issue is clear, the contrast shown. "We are lifted above the world into a region of heavenly light and sweetness, when suddenly—a blow from the shoulder!—a startling sense of return to earth. From the contemplation of the beauty of holiness, Catherine has swiftly turned us to face the opposing sin. 'Thou art the man!' A few trenchant sentences, charged with pain, and the soul which has been raised to celestial places awakes to see in itself the contradiction of all that is so lovely. Into the region of darkness Catherine goes with it. It is not 'thou' but 'we' who have sinned." And then, impassioned appeal, that the vision of sin may be replaced by the desire for holiness, through that Way which is Truth and Life.

For many years Catherine had prayed, had expressed the desire in her letters, that she might "be fastened and nailed to the tree of the most holy cross of Christ, crucified with him, through love and deep humility." At last, not many years before the end, her heart's desire was granted, she was signed with the signs of our redemption. On the fourth Sunday in Lent, when Catherine was twenty-eight years old, as she was kneeling lost in ecstasy in the Church of Santa Cristina, she received in her body those same marks, that same mystical revelation which Francis of Assisi had received one hundred and fifty years before on Mount La Verna. Those about her saw her slowly rise up, still kneeling, her face glorified and luminous, and stretch out her arms. She remained motionless in this attitude for a short space, and then sank to the floor as though wounded. Catherine herself tells of it in her own words. "I saw," she said, "the crucified Lord coming down to me in a great light, and for this, by the impetus of the mind that would fain go forth to meet its Creator, the body was constrained to rise. Then from the marks of his most sacred wounds I saw five blood-red rays coming down upon me, which were directed towards the hands and feet and heart of my body. Wherefore, perceiving the mystery, I straightway exclaimed: 'Ah, Lord my God, I beseech Thee, let not the marks appear outwardly on my body.' Then whilst I was yet speaking, before the rays reached me, they changed their blood-red colour to splendour, and in the semblance of pure light they came to the five places of my body, that is, to the hands, the feet, and the heart. So great is the pain that I endure sensibly in all those five places, but especially within my heart, that, unless the Lord works a new miracle, it seems not possible to me that the life of my body can stay with such agony, and that it will not end in a few days." But the end was not to be yet; her strength was supernaturally renewed. Later, when one of those about her asked if the pain from the wounds still lasted, she replied, "Those wounds not only do not afflict my body, but even fortify it; so that, instead of receiving torment from them, albeit I feel them still, they bring me strength."

It is, and must be, Catherine the woman, Catherine the mystic and saint, Catherine the mother of souls, who remains fixed so deeply in our hearts and minds,—not the politician, not the blind adherent of an ecclesiastical system. As a politician Catherine won no great or lasting success; rather did the paths

of political expediency lead away from the closeness and sureness of that inner communion which was hers, entangle her in the mazes of external things, confuse the way, and obscure the end to be attained. In resting on the dogma of the Church it is as if she inadvertently closed her mind at times to the Truth and the Vision which had been given her, through her effort, with its manifest impossibility, to express in terms of the Church's teaching that which she had inwardly discerned, and which was utterly beyond all complete and human expression. Externalization of effort impaired and prevented the greater work, just as externalization prevents the realization of the true mission of woman in the world of to-day. We see all around us the conditions of the real, the spiritual world, upside down and reversed. We see women absorbed in all manner of outer activities and interests to the exclusion of their far greater opportunity. We see men looking in vain to them for that inner inspiration, that supply of spiritual capital which it is their high duty to conserve and to expend. Obscured is the ideal that a woman should create within and around her a spiritual centre, herself the priestess, those other women close to her the vestal virgins, whose mission it is always to keep the fire burning in order that man, returning to this centre, may go forth again to his labour refreshed and strengthened, his motive fortified and clear. The story of Catherine does not contain the moral that women are inherently unfit to engage in outer effort, to accomplish outer results; women are proving day by day that they can do those outer things and do them well. Her story "shows simply that woman is faithful to her nature and her destiny only when she remains a saint and a mother—the function of her maternity of spirit being to bring forth souls as the function of her maternity of flesh is to bring forth bodies. As ministrant at once to individuals and to nations, of material consolations and spiritual advices, she is ineffable. When she goes to the service of her kind in the spirit in which Catherine originally set forth, the spirit of doing the will of God, of binding up the broken-hearted, of proclaiming liberty to the captives of sin and of opening prisons of ignorance and habit in which men lie bound; when she keeps close to homely duty and the guidance of her capacities, her opportunities and her conscience, no matter how widely those duties open out, or what great occasions fall in her way, she is doing woman's part. And, even as she must consider no task of human service mean, derogatory or unclean, so she must not fear any duty as too high, too public, or too responsible, should it appear before her clearly as the duty she is called to fulfil."

Some such fuller understanding, tinged perhaps with a growing shade of doubt as to the real value of many phases of her outer political work, and with wonder that with her heart's burning fire of love she had been able to misunderstand, may have come to Catherine at the end. For when she lay dying—and she died at the age of thirty-three, the same age at which her Lord died, and after a long illness and weakness of body which must have been to her active spirit a crucifixion in itself—those about her heard her speak with broken words. At that moment, when her spirit was passing, the powers of evil and of darkness must again have been trying to break through, seeking by

all means to lay hold on her, taking advantage of the dawning of a more complete and full understanding to insinuate even that she had worked for her own ends. For she said vehemently, as if repelling some sort of an accusation, "Vain glory? Never, but the true glory of Christ crucified!"

"The true glory of Christ crucified." Truly, in this heart on fire with love, that had made the hearts of others burn within them, there had been but the one motive. Against whatever outer miscarriage of divine purpose there may have been, there stood for her merit her first great voluntary sacrifice,—her choice of incarnation that the divine will might be done and the Father glorified. Above all, and above all for us, stands the spirit of Catherine the Woman, tender and sensitive and loving, giving utterly in the good fight, truly lost in holy desire for perfect obedience, believing itself in all humility worthy of sufferings and unworthy of any reward. Truly did she bear in her spirit, as in her body, the marks of the Lord Jesus.

STUART DUDLEY.

The greater our love may be, the greater the surface that we expose to majestic sorrow; wherefore none the less does the sage never cease his endeavours to enlarge this beautiful surface.—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.—EMERSON.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

AT the outset I should explain that my actual joining of the T. S. was of no particular significance. It was my great good fortune to be born in a Theosophical atmosphere, friends and relatives being ardent and active members, and I joined while comparatively young,—in part perhaps because it was the natural thing to do, and in part from the purely imitative spirit in which the immature do many things which have an unexpected significance in later years. So, in my case, "Why I stayed in" is more nearly analogous to the "Why I joined" of other members.

When first asked by the Editors of the QUARTERLY to write this account, I realized with some surprise that I never had really thought out the basis for my action; I could not have given a reply to any question about it. The self-analysis involved has at least been profitable, if not flattering.

My first real interest in Theosophy was an almost purely intellectual one, which arose out of a still more superficial excitement over the phenomena in *The Occult World*. Of a naturally restless and inquiring mind, I enjoyed delving into the mysteries of Cosmogenesis, arguing about Fohat, and even got a certain amount of mental titivation in reading through Rama Prasád's exceedingly "stiff" *Nature's Finer Forces*, though I could not understand a word of it. Then, too, I was sufficiently young to attract a certain amount of attention from older members at the meetings of the Society, and this must have flattered my vanity, while the novelty lasted.

However, it did not take me long to discover that there was an unexpected "joker" in Theosophy. Back of the pleasant mental playground, there loomed the vision of a "Life," and an urge to follow it—a vision of ideals, a standard of conduct, a goal, with as good a guarantee of possible success as any the world has to offer. I began to suspect that the Masters did not argue amiably about Fohat, or that the only difference between them and me was the fact that they did not find Rama Prasád's book "stiff" reading. They were exceedingly busy in a totally different direction, and their disciples were exceedingly busy in the same direction, ever striving for more efficiency, and hoping, hoping and praying, that new recruits in the ranks of the T. S. would become busy in the same direction, only less burdened with a sense of their inefficiency. The Universe was a spiritual Universe, full of immortal souls to be saved, including one's own; and the best way of doing that was to work for others, because you could not really succeed with them, without overcoming most of your own weaknesses "on the side."

Nothing could have been more distasteful and more inopportune than this

revelation at the time it came. My hands were full, trying to secure complete independence, and the right to live and to do exactly as I pleased, without having to bother about other people. As my elders united in absolute disapproval of these aims, and did everything possible to prevent their fulfilment, I had no time to worry about my soul, and deeply resented having one, and the necessity of saving it. Worrying about another man's soul was quite out of the question. In passing I must pay a certain mead of tribute to the wholehearted thoroughness with which I sacrificed everything to realize these wretched aims. One of the things that inevitably had to go was my interest in Theosophy. For a time I was almost completely successful, tasted the cup of independence, and did not think of Theosophy from one year's end to the next. I was apparently happy, and certainly thoroughly contented. I continued my membership in the T. S., however, for the sake of the interested relatives and friends, and thought I was doing very handsomely by them.

But this period was of relatively short duration. It was so lonely. The people I had thought most of had no use for me. The new acquaintances I made were somehow unsatisfactory. Things began to go wrong, and they dropped me. I began to see that independence was a fine thing, if you made no mistakes; but while I tried my best, I would make them anyhow, and had to take the unpleasant consequences. Troubles cropped up on every side, and the road out of one had an extraordinary way of leading straight into another. My happiness disappeared. Karma, kind and merciful Karma, would not permit my illusions to continue, and my house of cards began to tumble. Apparently it was true after all that I had weaknesses of character and faults. People found them out, or discovered a too rampant egotism, and were repelled. As a matter of policy at least, I began to practise consideration for others, and started somewhat fitfully trying to overcome some of the faults of which I happened to be aware. Now this is fearfully "stodgy" work with so poor a motive, and progress is so slow. Perhaps no one will ever really get into heaven on the ground alone that he feels he ought to try.

Service in the army during the War taught me the valuable lesson that the loss of all independence was by no means a crushing disaster. It also showed me that doing things in which I was not in the least interested for other people (superior officers) as part of a general scheme or plan to further a cause in which I was interested, was not so bad as had been supposed. In fact it was positively surprising how much satisfaction one could get out of it. After the War I returned home to live, and once more came into contact with Theosophy.

It was a dreary enough period. A flock of troubles, held over during the War, were clamouring for solution. A career or profession had to be found, and in this direction I had to make a new start. Fitting into another person's home required the abandonment of some at least of the ways and indulgences acquired when alone. Theosophy almost instantaneously became a comfort, a solace, a support, a philosophy with which to bear the trials of life, trials I had wantonly invited and most richly deserved. I could mention the loving-kindness and wise help of friends, but after all, Theosophy was back of this, too.

So I "stayed in," because it was the brightest and most comforting spot I had; it represented the things I believed in most and thought most worthwhile.

The analysis has so far been true, I think, but somewhat on the surface.

There is another factor which an honest account must mention. I do not believe that people can come into touch with Theosophy by chance. I do not believe that people are drawn into the Movement, who are utterly beneath its thought or its idealism. If every cause have its effect, contact with the Movement is a heritage from the past, a talent we are expected to invest and render productive. Woe to us if we bury it. And I realize, as I scan the years, that my belief in Theosophy was automatic and instantaneous. Masters? Of course! Reincarnation and Karma? The most sensible and obvious explanation of great mysteries. There was no doubt, no intellectual difficulty, no violation of preconceived ideas, no painful struggle to reconcile opposing points of view. There never has been. I cannot plead this excuse. Discipleship? A still small voice inside said: "Yes; that's fine; I like it; it is the grandest goal of life I know; I believe in it absolutely." This voice has always been there. That I may have refused to listen is another matter. So I joined the T. S. because I couldn't help myself, and I stayed in because I couldn't help myself, and now I stay in because I can't help myself, and I wouldn't do anything different for anything in the world.

The fruits of blindness are as nothing to the fruits of turning away from the Light. Once the still small voice speaks, the possibilities of this life and of future lives are narrowed down to two. You must kill your lower nature, or it will kill you. You have lost the contentment of ignorance, and have graduated to the plane where true happiness becomes a goal and a possibility. The effort to plunge down again into the contentment of ignorance is hopeless. You can fool yourself for a time, but circumstances are certain to shatter this delusion; and the price to be paid is the indefinite postponement of happiness. Once the enemy is seen and faced, only complete victory will bring complete and lasting happiness. If you turn and run away instead of knocking him down, sooner or later Life will drag you back to face him, and he will have grown stronger, and you will have grown weaker. The inevitable fight will be harder and will last longer. The worst of all types of warfare is the guerilla war, which drags on interminably, and the harassed pursuer sees little sign of the enemy, little sign of progress, but, lost in a maze of steep mountains, can only stumble desperately onward.

I pray that some fellow member, reading these lines, will avoid my mistakes, and so perhaps these will count less heavily against me.

XXX.

AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

IX

The New Kingdom (The Empire)

TO the casual observer, life in the City of the Sun ran smoothly on its way, winters and summers passed, year succeeded year. The city itself grew and flourished, the temples still rang with the hymns of praise, and within the city limits at least, there appeared to be nothing but peace and good will. But the sympathetic student of the period knows that in reality this was not so, for already Akhnaton must have begun to realize that he was losing in the battle for the Great Cause which lay so near to his heart, and too late he was discovering that those of his nobles who had followed him from Thebes, had, with very few exceptions, done so for the sake of gain.

In the first flush of youth, in his own strong spirit of consecration, the young King had, no doubt, imagined that much of his own piety and faith was innate in those of his subjects who seemed to sympathize with his ideals,—now, slowly and with bitter sorrow, he was becoming disillusioned. There was the added anxiety of failing health, and, suspecting as he did the sincerity of his followers, he must have had serious fears for the future of his work. We know little in detail of what the King was thinking and feeling during these years when such apparent tranquillity reigned at Akhetaton, but it is certain that his critics are unjust in saying that his time was wholly given to "psalm-singing." Had he withdrawn his interest and his authority from the rest of his kingdom, as completely as is generally supposed, life in the Royal City could not have lasted out the first years, for the scheming and plotting of the Amen priesthood never abated. Of a portion of the King's heart and mind at this time we get eloquent glimpses, however, partly from his own actions, partly by what was recounted of him by his nobles.

Rather reluctantly, perhaps, he decided that the office of High Priest must pass from his own hands[1] into those of another, one whom he could train and who he hoped would be a faithful servant of Aton in case of his own death. There is a detailed record of the investiture of Meryra as High Priest; he has been summoned to the royal presence and is seen standing in an attitude of great reverence before the King. Akhnaton, no doubt with deep emotion at transferring so exalted and sacred an office even to a man whom he must have trusted, and in whom he placed so much of his hope, says: "I make thee High Priest of Aton to me in the temple of Aton at Akhetaton, doing it for love of

[1] The King had been the only High Priest of Aton from the beginning until now.

thee, saying 'Oh my servant who hearkenest to The Teaching, my heart is satisfied with every business that thou art about. Behold, I give thee this office . . .'"[2] and yet, as Davies points out, Meryra's tomb, so full of texts, "nowhere reveals any personal devotion to Aton beyond that which ambition and policy required."

The King was not even free from treason. Maÿ, who held a very high office and came into close personal contact with his master, fell into sudden disgrace, and disappeared with a swiftness which can only mean death. He must have leagued himself secretly with Akhnaton's ever-watchful, ever-active enemies, the priesthood of Amen; there is no other likely explanation. An arresting passage is to be found in the records of Horemheb, General of Akhnaton's army, later King. One of his titles was "Master of the Secret of the Royal Palace" and he speaks of the occasion on which he was "called to the presence of the Sovereign because the palace had fallen into trouble."[3] We are not told what this trouble was, but it must have been of a serious nature, otherwise Horemheb would not have been summoned, nor would the incident have been recorded.

There is something which touches our deepest sympathies in the almost feverish intensity manifested by the King in his effort to fire the hearts of his apathetic subjects with his own burning love of Aton. In the tombs of the nobles we find repeated allusions to this ceaseless effort, in such phrases as: "He [the King] rose at daybreak to teach me." "He rose early every day to teach me because of my zeal in performing his teaching," says Tutu,[4] high in favour, and he adds proudly: "He teaches me. Lo! I tell you something worth hearing," but his zeal proved to be "lip service," no more. Another says that every morning he took lessons of the King "because of the great love which I bore to the royal teaching,"—yet we hear no more of this man in later days, and the precious gift offered by the King was wasted on him as it was on the others. Aÿ, the friend of Akhnaton's childhood, affirms that his "fame reached the palace" because of his "obedience to the King's teaching," yet this very Aÿ, one of the staunch pioneers of the Aton faith, to whom so much had been entrusted and from whom so much was hoped,—this very Aÿ when, later, disaster swept over the land, proved utterly false to his early faith, and as Davies caustically remarks, is represented "worshipping the whole Egyptian pantheon." That was the great betrayal! Of all the deserters, Aÿ's apostacy was the saddest.

Even the Dowager Queen Tiy, despite her early enthusiasm, had apparently somewhat lost sympathy. She did not of course openly oppose her son, but she seems to have felt that the conduct of affairs had passed completely out of her hands, and the result was comparative indifference. So far as is known, she never lived at Akhetaton (though she had a palace there), evidently pre-

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[2] *Rock Tombs of El Amarna*, by N. de G. Davies, Part I, pp. 21–22.

[3] *Tombs of Harmhabi and Touatankhamonou*, Theodore M. Davis' Excavations, p. 10.

[4] Weigall identifies Tutu with the noble who later became the Pharaoh Tutankhamon, about whom so much has been written of late.

ferring her own residence at Thebes where she had been the "Great Queen." During his reign she paid several state visits to the King, all of which are recorded as of the utmost political importance, and no doubt the entire and unquestioned support of the Queen Mother would have assisted greatly in the religious reforms of the son, but there is no evidence to show that any such unqualified support was given. Tiy's parents, Yuaa and Tuau, prominent and zealous members of the early group, were long since dead. Akhnaton could depend on no one.

It is evident that Akhnaton seized eagerly at the least evidence of devotion to his god, hoping always for the best, time after time realizing that his hopes were vain; but he never flagged in his efforts, no matter how great the discouragement, nor did the Queen, Nefertithi, his one untiring and unfailing supporter, his one faithful friend. So we know that the King rose at daybreak to teach his people, and we can see him later, standing in the great temple, before the high altar, greeting the Rising Sun with his splendid Hymn of Praise,—that high altar which stood in front of no statue, as was the old-time custom in Egypt, but which was placed in the centre of one of the great courts, facing the east so that the first warm, life-giving rays of the morning sun would be shed on it in benediction. No name, no sign was needed, for Akhnaton's was a Formless Deity, all-pervading and therefore to be in no way confined. In that crystal-clear morning air, such as is hardly to be found out of Egypt, the sounds of worship must have carried far over the gleaming city, but they fell, more often than not, on indifferent ears.

Then in the cool of the evening, when the shadows were lengthening and the glories of the Setting Sun flooded the sky, we see Nefertithi as High Priestess, officiating at the evening sacrifice in her own temple, surrounded by priestesses, and as the sun dipped behind the Mountain of the West, we read of her: "The Great Wife of the King, whom he loves, who unites her beauties, and returns thanks to Aton with her sweet voice and her beautiful hands, holding the sistrums." There follows the prayer: "May she be at the side of Ua-en-Ra (Akhnaton) for ever and ever, even as heaven stands firm, with all that it holds."[5] It has often been written of Akhnaton that in all his religious movement there was to be found but one sincere believer,—himself; but we may safely add Nefertithi, whose heart was as freely given as his own, and who tried, with him, every possible way of making Aton a daily and living influence in the lives of the people.

If there were smouldering troubles within the Sacred City, however, troubles less concealed were sweeping over the land, for in trying to restore to the dying religion of Egypt its ancient, simple purity, in trying to free his country from the corroding superstitions with which the priesthoods (particularly that of Amen), had filled the hearts of his people, Akhnaton had set himself unequivocally in opposition to the strongest and most unprincipled forces for evil in the whole land. To add further to his difficulties the people at large, duped

[5] *Rock Tombs of El Amarna* (Tomb of Aÿ), by N. de G. Davies, Part VI, p. 29.

and misled by the Amen priesthood, and knowing little of ancient times save what the priests chose to disclose, must have felt that the King was setting at naught their most cherished traditions. Now the Egyptian worshipped tradition, his multiform religion was built upon the past; it has been said of him that there was one thing he could not do and that was *to forget*. Through countless centuries he had been bound to form, and his ritual was the result of the slow growth of the slow-moving ages. So slow-moving had this growth been, that the deterioration caused by the increasingly corrupt priesthood was probably, to the average Egyptian of the middle XVIIIth Dynasty, almost imperceptible,—standards of thought and conscience being no longer what they had been. It is not surprising, then, that there was wide-spread, popular discontent. Here was a people who loved form, and they were offered the Formless; who through long-established familiarity had grown to feel a dependence on the most elaborate magical charms,—and now in the place of these charms they were given prayers, prayers so simple and direct, so free from ceremonial that they could not understand them. We can but have a deep compassion for the Egyptians whose inherited thoughts and customs had been so suddenly swept to one side, and we are prone to question the wisdom of Akhnaton's uncompromising break with the priesthoods. But in our sympathy for the people at large we must not lose sight of Akhnaton's ideal, of what it was he was attempting, for he saw deeper into the dangers of the time than they did. To a man of his ardent and incorruptible sincerity, it was intolerable that the purest elements in the ancient rituals should be prostituted by the priesthoods. It has already been shown[6] to what an extent the Amen priesthood in particular, had perverted the moral integrity of the people (playing upon their superstitious fears for the sake of personal gain), and to what a dangerous extent it held the people in its grip. Akhnaton was not the man to compromise, as had Amenhotep III. Vigorous action had been needed and he had seen but one course, a complete annihilation of the perverters of religion, an apparently complete and far-reaching change in the outer expression of the old religion itself. It is probable that Akhnaton, young as he was when he came to the throne, had foreseen many of the difficulties and dangers ahead, and as he grew older and wiser and learned to look deeper into the hearts of men, he found himself daily and hourly face to face with these dangers. For the priesthood of Amen, inactive on the surface because they were forced to be so, were working as only they knew how to work, by stealth, slowly sapping the foundations of Akhnaton's kingdom. These masters of Black Magic must have used all the power at their command against the "heretic." The King's failing health and mysterious illnesses, may well have been largely the result of their incantations, and we may fancy that he knew this and recognized the immanent danger to his cause, he himself being its one remaining faithful servant.

The army too was disaffected, and it is usually said that this was so because of Akhnaton's conduct of affairs in Syria, the "policy of inactivity," but we can

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[6] See *Theosophical Quarterly*, October, 1922, pp. 137–9.

trace much of this disaffection to the machinations of the priests, who did all they could to secure the sympathies of the military powers.

As to Akhnaton's so-called "Syrian policy," that is a matter of so much controversy that it is quite impossible to deal with it satisfactorily without giving it undue space, and yet in trying to understand his motives and ideals it cannot be altogether ignored. On the face of things, so far as the actual preservation of the Empire on its former magnificent basis is concerned, the results of this policy would seem to have been most disastrous, and it looks as though the King made no attempt whatever to hold Egypt's Syrian provinces won at so much cost by his forefathers. The trouble so long brewing in Syria while Amenhotep III was still alive, came to a head during Akhnaton's reign, —he *inherited* the trouble, he did not *create* it. There was open and widespread rebellion, and most of the evidence we have in our possession suggests that Akhnaton made no very great effort to put down the uprising. Indeed it is definitely stated by most writers, that when Akhnaton died, Egypt had not a single Asiatic province left. This is generally attributed to his "pacifist" tendencies,—it has even been said that warfare in any form was abhorrent to him. Such criticisms are, of course, made by those who cannot or will not realize that Akhnaton's true battle-ground had been from the beginning that of the Soul. On that battle-ground he was as fearless and as resolute as had been his illustrious ancestor Thothmes III on his own. With equal audacity and spirit had Akhnaton, like Thothmes, "gone forth at the head of his army, showing the way by his own footsteps," but that way was peculiar to himself. From the very first his warfare had been moral and spiritual, not physical. It has been said: "On every plane we find conflict, a life and death struggle"; the fighting qualities so strongly marked in his ancestors were, by Akhnaton, transferred to the interior plane,—it is quite simple and easy to understand if we have sufficient sympathy to do so.

It is natural, however, to seek a somewhat more detailed explanation of Akhnaton's apparent indifference to so pressing a matter as the Syrian troubles, and to the so-called "desertion" of such of his Syrian vassals as remained faithful, for it may justly be claimed that he should have given his attention to the outer as well as to the inner needs of his country and its dependencies. Many interpretations, for the most part censorious, have been arrived at by many writers, but, at best, these interpretations are merely speculation, since we have no really conclusive evidence to show us what Akhnaton's basic motives were; for despite the highly important historic records furnished by such of the Tell el-Amarna letters[7] as have been preserved to us, the whole situation remains too obscure to allow of a final verdict. Anyone studying an average history of Egypt will find almost invariably adverse conclusions, but if we look below the surface, refusing to be blinded by mere outer events, we are sure that whatever the explanation of Akhnaton's conduct, he certainly was not "drifting,"—that was not his way and it never had been. The most

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[7] Ref. *Theosophical Quarterly*, July, 1922, p. 19.

elementary justice requires the taking into account of a man's well-known character, when passing judgment on an only partially explained act of his; to arrive at an unprejudiced decision the one must of necessity colour the other. For the benefit of those who wish to form their own opinions, therefore, a few references, each presenting the matter from a somewhat different angle, may be given, and the reader sufficiently interested may thus make further investigations for himself.[8]

Before leaving the subject, however, we cannot do better than quote Maspero, who is, at best, no admirer of Akhnaton, and who has remarked rather sulkily in his *Art Studies* that the older generation of Egyptologists extolled him far too much. Referring to the Tell el-Amarna letters, on which are based most of the hottest controversies, and questioning the truth of the claim made by so many writers that during Akhnaton's reign all of Egypt's possessions were lost, he says[9] that there was "payment of tribute in the time of one of the weak followers of Akhnaton," which shows that "all of Egypt's possessions in Syria were not lost, as is generally stated." (Breasted for instance writes: "We know from the Amarna letters, that Egyptian power in Asia was at an end under Akhnaton."[10]) Maspero goes far towards proving that "Syrian wars were carried on by Akhnaton himself,"[11] and he continues: "I am not prepared to allow that we know from the Amarna letters that Egypt's power was at an end under Akhnaton. We possess a small part only of the correspondence [the Tell el-Amarna cuneiform tablets] which was exchanged during those years between the court of Egypt and its vassals in Asia; it is to say the least, imprudent to declare that, because we have no more letters, there were no more of them showing that Akhnaton retained part of the territories he had inherited there from his father."[12]

The justice of Maspero's views will be recognized by anyone who has read the story of the discovery and well-nigh unpardonable abuse of the Tell el-Amarna letters,[13]—of how "some fellahîn, digging for marl not far from the

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[8] *The Tell el-Amarna Letters*, by Hugo Winckler.
The Tell el-Amarna Period, by Carl Niebuhr.
Syria and Egypt from the Tell el-Amarna Letters, by W. M. Flinders Petrie.
The Tell el-Amarna Tablets in the British Museum, by Bezold and Budge.
Rock Tombs of El Amarna, by N. de G. Davies, Part II, p. 38.
The Ancient History of the Near East, by H. R. Hall, p. 302.
The Glory of the Pharaohs, by Arthur Weigall, p. 150.
The Oldest Letters in the World, by Mrs. Sydney Bristowe. (This claims a strong Israelitish connection. Weigall also holds the theory of Hebraic influence.)
Egyptian History and Art, by A. A. Quibell, p. 107.
Some of the above references consist of suggestions only, it being left to the imagination of the reader to elaborate them according to his convictions.

[9] *The Tombs of Harmhabi and Touatankhamonou*, Theodore M. Davis Excavations, footnote, p. 122.

[10] *Ancient Records*, Vol. II, footnote, p. 422.

[11] *The Tombs of Harmhabi and Touatankhamonou*, Theodore M. Davis Excavations, p. 15, sqq.

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 122.
Also *Monuments du Musée d'Antiquités*, by Conrad Leemans, Vol. I, plates XXXI to XXXIV.
Description Raisonnée des Monuments Égyptiens du Musée d'Antiquités des Pays Bas, à Leide, by Conrad Leemans, pp. 40, 41.

[13] Ref. *The Tell el-Amarna Period*, by Carl Niebuhr.
The History of Egypt, by W. M. Flinders Petrie, Vol. II, p. 259.
Syria and Egypt from the Tell el-Amarna Letters, by W. M. Flinders Petrie, pp. 1-3.

ruins [of the palace] came upon a number of crumbling chests filled with clay tablets"; of how they "broke up the largest tablets into three or four separate pieces" in order to multiply their gains; of how these tablets and fragments of tablets when brought to the notice of two separate experts, were rejected by them as spurious; of how they were then thrown carelessly into sacks by the native discoverers who took them to Luxor "to hawk about among the dealers there," till at last, so damaged that some of them had been ground to pieces while others had been rendered practically undecipherable, they came to the notice of those who had the wisdom to recognize their incomparable historical value,—no one who remembers this story can reasonably claim that we have heard the last word on the subject of Akhnaton's "desertion of his Syrian vassals," and the loss of Egypt's Syrian provinces. Beside the tablets which have been spared to us, most of which are from the Asiatic side, and beside those which we know to have been destroyed, there must be many letters from Egypt which have not yet come to light (buried we know not where), which would illuminate many dark corners of the subject. At present it is a very one-sided correspondence, and while it is possible that we shall never know the whole truth, unless, indeed, some new "find" be made, at least we can, as Maspero would seem to suggest, suspend judgment, or, failing that, regulate it to some extent.

HETEP EN NETER.

(To be concluded)

True humility lies in this: not to pride oneself upon anything; not to murmur against anyone; not to be ungrateful, nor complaining, nor querulous; but in all things to thank God and praise him.—ANSELM.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DISCIPLES
TAITTIRIYA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

THE Taittiriya Upanishad is made up, for the most part, of Instructions for younger disciples, who are learning the first lessons of the secret wisdom from a Master.

As might be expected, these Instructions are often enigmatic, in part because of their brevity; they are intended, not simply to convey information to the mind, but rather to awaken the intuition and to supply material for careful, deliberative thought and meditation.

They contain, among other things, tables of Correspondences, illustrating what *The Secret Doctrine* calls "the eternal law of correspondences and analogy," regarding which it is further said:

"From Gods to men, from Worlds to atoms, from a Star to a rushlight, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being—the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, the links of which are all connected. The Law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem, and these links have to be studied co-ordinately in their Occult relation to each other" (S.D., I, pages 640 and 662).

To illustrate the method of study: If the section entitled "The Law of Correspondences" be drawn up as a table, it will be found that the disciple is compared with the father, the Master being the mother; the purpose of the teaching is, to bring forth the "new creature," the spiritual man, in the disciple. Thoughtful study will reveal many points of equal interest.

TAITTIRIYA UPANISHAD

INVOCATION

May Mitra, divinity of the day, guard us! May Varuna, divinity of the night, guard us! May Aryaman, divinity of the sun, guard us! May Indra, divinity of power, guard us! May Brihaspati, divinity of voice and of intelligence, guard us! May wide-striding Vishnu, divinity of progress, guard us!

Obeisance to the Eternal! Obeisance to thee, Vayu, the Great Breath! Thou, verily, art the Eternal made manifest! Thee, verily, as the Eternal made manifest I shall declare. I shall declare the Truth. I shall declare the Real. May it protect me! May it protect the speaker! May it protect me! May it protect the speaker! Om: Peace! Peace! Peace!

INTONING SACRED SENTENCES

Om: We shall set forth in order the teaching regarding Intoning.

The colour of the sound; the tone, whether high or low; the measure, whether long or short; the stress, whether strong or light; the enunciation, making the sound audible; the combination, linking sounds together.

Thus the teaching of Intoning is declared.

THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES

May honour abide with us two, Master and disciple! May the radiance of the Eternal abide with us two!

We shall now set forth in order the secret teaching of Correspondences, under five heads: Regarding the world; the givers of light; the teaching; offspring; self. This is called the teaching of Correspondences.

Now, regarding the world: the earth is the initial form, heaven is the final form; the ether of space is the mediating power; Vayu, the Great Breath, brings about the union. Thus, regarding the world.

Now, regarding the givers of light: fire is the initial form; the sun is the final form; the waters of space are the mediating power; the lightning brings about the union. Thus, regarding the givers of light.

Now, regarding the teaching: the Master is the initial form; the accepted disciple is the final form; the secret teaching is the mediating power; the imparting of the teaching brings about the union. Thus, regarding the teaching.

Now, regarding offspring: the mother is the initial form; the father is the final form; the offspring is the mediating power; the engendering brings about the union. Thus, regarding offspring.

Now, regarding self: the lower jaw is the initial form; the upper jaw is the final form; voice is the mediating power; the tongue brings about the union. Thus, regarding self.

These are the Correspondences. He who knows these Correspondences, thus set forth in order, is united with offspring and flocks, with the radiance of the Eternal, with food and all blessings, with the heavenly world.

INVOCATION BY THE MASTER

The Power who inspired the sacred hymns is the Divinity of universal form. Above the hymns, he came into being from the Everlasting. May this Ruler endow me with holy wisdom! May I, O Radiant One, become a container and bestower of immortality!

May my body be full of vigour! May my tongue be sweeter than honey! May I hear fully with my ears!

Thou art the vesture of the Eternal, endowed with holy wisdom! Guard for me what I have heard!

Divine Grace brings blessings, and distributes them. May that Grace take to herself these vestures and herds! May she provide food and drink, granting

me a blessing always! May she grant the flocks with their fleeces! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, come to me! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, come apart to me! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, come forth to me! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, conquer themselves! Adoration!

May disciples, serving the Eternal, win peace! Adoration!

May I be Radiance among mankind! Adoration!

May I be more blessed than those rich in possessions! Adoration!

May I enter, Lord, into Thee! Adoration!

Thou, Lord, enter into me! Adoration!

In the Power, thousand-rayed, in Thee, Lord, I am clean! Adoration!

As waters flow, descending; as the months flow into the sum of days, so, Universal Lord, let disciples, serving the Eternal, come from the whole world to me! Adoration!

Thou art my Refuge! Pour thy Light upon me! Come to me!

THE FOUR REALMS

Earth, Mid-world, Heaven: These are the three Expressions. Mahachamasya made known a fourth, in addition to these: the Great One. This is the Eternal, this is the Supreme Self. The other divine powers are its members.

The Earth, verily, is this world; the Mid-world is the interspace; Heaven is that world; the Great One is the sun. Through the sun, verily, all worlds are made great.

The Earth, verily, is this fire; the mid-world is the wind; Heaven is the sun; the Great One is the moon. Through the moon, verily, all lights are made great.

The Earth, verily, is the Rig Veda; the Mid-world is the Sama Veda; Heaven is the Yajur Veda; the Great One is knowledge of the Eternal. Through knowledge of the Eternal, all the Vedas are made great.

The Earth, verily, is the forward-breath; the Mid-world is the downward-breath; Heaven is the distributive-breath; the Great One is food. Through food, verily, all the vital breaths are made great.

They, verily, these four, are divided fourfold. The Expressions are four and four. Who knows these, knows the Eternal; to him all the bright Powers bring victory.

THE MAN FORMED OF MIND

This radiant ether, here, in the heart within, in it is the Spiritual Man, formed of Mind, immortal, of the colour of gold; here, at the division of the palate, this, which is pendent, like a nipple, this is the womb of the Ruler. Opening a way here, at the top of the head, where the hair separates, and saying, Earth! he establishes himself on this fire; saying, Mid-world! he estab-

lishes himself upon the wind; saying, Heaven! He establishes himself in the sun; saying, the Great One! he establishes himself in the Eternal. He wins self-mastery. He wins the Lord of the mind. He becomes lord of voice, lord of vision, lord of hearing, lord of knowledge, all this, he becomes, and more, the Eternal, whose vesture is the ether of space, whose soul is the Real, whose garden is Life, whose joy is Mind, whose treasure is Peace immortal. Thus worship, thou of the ancient Yoga!

FIVEFOLD CORRESPONDENCES

Earth	interspace	heaven	directions	inter-directions
Fire	wind	sun	moon	constellations
Water	plants	trees	space	self

Thus, with regard to beings. Now, with regard to self:

Forward-breath	distributive-breath	downward-breath	upward-breath	uniting-breath
Vision	hearing	mind	voice	touch
Skin	flesh	sinew	bone	marrow

Thus distributing the powers, a Seer and Sage has said: Fivefold, verily, is this all. Through the five, he wins the five.

THE SACRED SYLLABLE OM

Om is the eternal. Om is all this universe. Om is also the expression of assent. Saying, Om! Invoke! they invoke at the sacrifice. Saying, Om! they intone the Sama hymns. Saying, Om! they praise the weapons. Saying, Om! the priest utters the response. Saying, Om! the chief priest chants the opening praise. Saying, Om! the sacrificer assents to the fire-oblation. Saying, Om! the Brahman, about to recite, prays, May I receive inspiration! He receives inspiration.

STUDY AND INSTRUCTION

The True, study and instruction; the Real, study and instruction; fervour, study and instruction; control, study and instruction; peace, study and instruction; the fires, study and instruction; the fire-oblation, study and instruction; guests, study and instruction; the sons of man, study and instruction; offspring, study and instruction; engendering, study and instruction; bringing up children, study and instruction.

"The true!" said Rathitara, speaker of truth. "Fervour!" said Paurushishti, ever fervent. "Study and instruction!" said Naka, son of Mudgala, "for this is fervour, this is fervour!"

A MEDITATION

I am he who fells the tree of rebirth; my glory is as a mountain peak, exalted, pure; I am as the nectar in the sun, the treasure, radiant; I am the possessor of wisdom, immortal, indestructible!

MASTER AND DISCIPLE

When he has taught him the Vedas, the Master thus instructs the accepted disciple:

Speak the truth! Work righteousness! Be not remiss in study! Bring a gift acceptable to thy Master, and break not the link of spiritual descent! Depart not from the truth! Depart not from righteousness! Depart not from true welfare! Depart not from true prosperity! Depart not from study and from thy instruction!

Depart not from what is owed to the bright Powers and the Fathers! Let thy mother be to thee as a divinity! Let thy father be to thee as a divinity! Let thy Master be to thee as a divinity! Let a guest be to thee as a divinity! Let all blameless works be performed, but not others! Those things which are esteemed good among us, should be revered by thee, and not others! Whichever knowers of the Eternal are best among us, should be received by thee with reverence!

Give thy gifts with faith! Give not without faith! Give with grace! Give with humility! Give with reverence! Give with compassion!

If thou shouldest have a doubt concerning thy work, or concerning conduct, whatever knowers of the Eternal are there, full of judgment, qualified, devoted, gentle-hearted, loving righteousness, as these shall bear themselves in such a matter, so do thou bear thyself!

Concerning those who are reprimanded, whatever knowers of the Eternal are there, full of judgment, qualified, devoted, gentle-hearted, loving righteousness, as these shall bear themselves in such a matter, so do thou bear thyself! This is the instruction, this is the counsel, this is the secret wisdom of the Vedas, this is the command handed down; thus shalt thou reverently serve! Thus, verily, should service be rendered.

CLOSING INVOCATION

May Mitra, divinity of the day, guard us! May Varuna, divinity of the night, guard us! May Aryaman, divinity of the sun, guard us! May Indra, divinity of power, guard us! May Brihaspati, divinity of voice and of intelligence, guard us! May wide-striding Vishnu, divinity of progress, guard us!

Obeisance to the Eternal! Obeisance to thee, Vayu, the Great Breath! Thou, verily, art the Eternal made manifest! Thee, verily, as the Eternal made manifest, I have declared. I have declared the Truth. I have declared the Real. It has protected me. It has protected the speaker. Om: Peace! Peace! Peace!

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian's contribution to the July "Screen of Time"—comments by Cavé on the record of a younger student, which the younger student had copied and had placed at the Historian's disposal—had proved helpful to so many of our readers, that we had asked him to bring a further instalment, and to read extracts to us, for our own pleasure and benefit. So the Historian was ready.

"As before," he said, "I must preface some of Cavé's notes by a brief quotation from my friend's record, for otherwise the comment will lose much of its significance. The pages from which I shall read, cover the years 1915 to 1918."

"In August, 1915, there is this entry: 'Later there was a sense of oneness with ————, which I do not know how to describe; a sense of belonging, of its being home, wherever I might go.' Cavé's comment reads as follows:

"I am very pleased to note your having this feeling. As one grows closer to the ————, as we grow into what it is and our relation to it, and so also into what we really are, the feeling increases and deepens in all ways. The Lodge becomes *home;* for it alone can we have that feeling. Place and surroundings in the outer world can affect us the same way only as they are expressions of the Lodge. The most familiar place becomes strange and alien to us without that atmosphere; the strangest place, our beloved and familiar habitat if full of its divine and yet homely influence. So also with people. Our nearest ties, in the worldly sense, become meaningless—duties to be conscientiously remembered and performed,—no more; while 'strangers' whom we never laid physical eyes on before, clasp us heart to heart, soul to soul, in the first touch of a hand. This idea fills some people with dismay, but only because they do not understand it. The universe is not a gigantic hoax, and God does not mock us with our noblest feelings and affections. No; the key to the situation, which we hold in our own hands, allays instantly all these unworthy fears and suspicions. For what is our test of reality? Our desire, our own wish and feeling about it. Is *this* the place I want to be in, are these the conditions, these the people with whom I long to spend my eternity? Yes? Then we may be sure that they are those who are truly ours. For, if not, our desire will change. We can remember things we loved or longed for when we were children, with a very sincere and deep feeling, but no such feeling exists in us to-day. And were some of the possessions we coveted then, given to us now, we should be not a little embarrassed with them! (Perhaps some of those we find trying in this life, may be the working out of unintelligent longings of previous lives. For, after all, all prayers, all desires are granted.) So the desire will change as we develop in knowledge of what we really are and really want,—as we 'grow

up' in this perfectly organized, radiantly happy and satisfying life, where we, as immortal beings, deepen and deepen in understanding and enjoyment of that which we know, beyond all shadow of doubt or fear, to be eternally and everlastingly ours, immortal as part of our immortality. Let us have faith then and step out boldly—the dear Master will not deceive us: would He betray the trust of a helpless, ignorant child? For after all, even these childish desires were true in essence, symbols of deeper things which our hearts really craved, but which the undeveloped mind could not rightly translate. The feeling was sound.

"I have heard of a little girl who, on the moss under an old oak tree, played tea parties with the acorn cups, and no less a person than St. Michael came and played the tea party with her and drank out of the acorns. But that little girl, so the story goes, was often more interested in the arrangement of her cups, or the flowers with which she filled them, than in the great, patient Archangel who so lovingly stooped to her littleness. I think that story tells us a great deal."

"Later, we have this comment":

"It seems to me that recently you have been getting more at the reality of these things,—a deepening sense of reality. You are gradually overcoming your *timidity* about them, for instance; and that was really your first barrier, and always a slow task. Go forward! There is the standard fluttering high upon the wall. Take your courage in both hands, by the ———— if need be, and *follow on*, scaling the wall. Realize that we need you and are calling; that He needs you and we call in His name.

"St. Teresa says: 'To know oneself loved, this is the fundamental condition, the necessary point of departure, the soul of all prayers.'

"And again, speaking of the happiness of being raised to perfect love, she says: 'We put our own heart at so high a price! We are so slow to make an absolute gift of ourselves to God. We are so far from the interior preparation which He demands. Now God does not wish us to enjoy so sublime a happiness without paying a great price for it. Earth, I know, has nothing wherewith to buy it. . . . But it appears to us that we have abandoned all things to Him when, reserving for ourselves the principal and capital, we give Him the usufruct or the interest.'

"I well know that this failure to give is often involuntary, not voluntary,—an ignorance of how to give rather than any deliberate withholding. Nevertheless, the law is the law, and the price to be paid for that for which you are asking, is unconditional self-surrender without an 'if' or a 'but.' You know that the only way to learn to swim is to *plunge in:* no use taking off your clothes and dabbling uncertain toes in the chilly water, shivering meanwhile in the chilly air! Many of you seem to me sometimes like that,—you have gone far enough to be thoroughly uncomfortable and not far enough for the exhilaration of the stinging water, the power of long, swift strokes through the

waves; and to push you in and souse you would seem like being rough to a frightened child.

"This is all to bid you keep on; and to remind you that further light is always the reward of putting into action the light already received. May the Master bless your efforts as I know He will, and as I unceasingly pray. After all, what can I do, save to pray Him for you? And He listens to my poor prayers because I love Him so."

"The earlier part of that comment reminds me of an entry and comment which I omitted," said the Historian. "If you will pardon me for a moment, I should like to go back to them"—and he turned pages rapidly. "Here they are, dated May, 1915. The entry says: 'Then it came to me that I could not imagine any love as great as His love for me.' This is the comment":

"What a wise thought! Dwell much in the sense of that wonderful love which He has for each one, as if that one were the only one. It has a marvellous power to work complete transformation in us, will we but bathe in it, and let it flood over, around and in us. We must open the sluice gates of our nature, not fearing the mystic tide, but gladly welcoming it as it sweeps us off the feet of our selfishness and sin, and bears us to the safe shores of spiritual life and happiness. . . . All real disciples are *flame bearers*. That is one of their titles. They must go from heart to heart lighting the lights on each altar (for each heart has its altar, though many, alas! are cold and dark, or else burning candles to false gods); or tending those lights which have grown dim, that they may burn brilliantly again."

"In December of the same year, referring to an entry—'I think you told me once that the feeling I hope for, a passionate love and sense of His presence, is a reward to be earned'—Cavé says":

"Yes, I told you this, and it is supremely true—and mercifully so; for when we begin to love Him, even a very little, we are filled with shame and disgust at the smallness and meanness of this love, and this re-acts in greater and greater effort to do and to be, that something more worthy may be ours to offer. As we empty ourselves thus in self-abasement, and press on with steadfast determination, He fills that emptiness with Himself, who is Love incarnate (is not that reward?), and strengthens that determination with more and more of desire,—another expression of His nature of love (reward piled on reward). Yet whereas He made all possible in the first place, in the second place we have truly earned, since His final giving is the response to our response to Him, and could not have been, had we not made our own."

"Later":

"Fight through! *We need you.* The fighting has been heavy recently, and there have been dark hours. Keep strong and steady, with clear faith and

unfaltering enthusiasm. You give much as it is: please do not think that I disregard or minimize this, nor am I ungrateful. But you can give more and will when you fight through. We must do more than die for these things; we must live for them, giving our hearts as torches with which to illumine the world. For where the light goes, there go the Angelic hosts, and, with the darkness, the devils fly."

"Another comment reads":

"You are right in what you say here. Strive for feeling, yes, but remember that feeling is a 'grace' and *do not wait for it.* Be faithful, be strong; 'fight' without feeling, as you suggest. Later the feeling will surely come, when you have been tested as the Master wishes. Love He gives (and craves), but obedience and loyalty, He demands; and until we have qualified in these, the Law cannot permit Him to go beyond a certain well defined limit."

"Then we have this entry: 'All this week I have been full of hope after last Sunday. I have insisted on right self-identification, on my love and loyalty, and have felt it and felt deeply grateful. It is a wonderful joy. And now to carry it on and make it permanent.' Cavé's note says":

"Yes, but *insist* on it. Remember that feeling is largely a matter of grace; deliberate, sustained willing is your part, whether you feel or not. That is what brings consciousness and realization. When you have realization you will always have feeling, because you will command it. You will be above feeling, not under it or dependent on it."

"Another entry reads: 'It came to me that completeness of inner giving now, is necessary to win the privilege of complete outer giving next time.' This is the comment":

"You have caught something very real and vital in the need for inner giving now, to have the chance of outer giving later. That, you may recall, is the invariable rule: to live as in or of a higher degree, before entrance to that higher degree is possible. First we become the thing; then what we have become, receives recognition. So also of service, which invariably is an accolade, hence a great and serious responsibility in which we are put to severe test, since every weakness, every blindness, every undeveloped faculty, every recognized but unconquered fault, will be against us and our chance of 'making good.' If the risk be too great, therefore, surely the chance will in all mercy be denied, or we might wreck not only ourselves and others, but the very cause to which we wished to give all, but were too weak to prepare for. . . . Unless we are always reaching higher than we can see, we shall inevitably fail to reach that which we do see. Also we set a limit to the development of our vision: for what we see, even in our highest moments, is never all that we are capable of

seeing, nor all there is to be seen; and it behooves us to develop all that we are. We dare not, therefore, at any time, or in any direction, set limits to our attainment.

"All the powers of the Universe are there for our taking; but more than that, it is our duty to take them."

The Historian ceased reading, and looked at the rest of us inquiringly. He evidently thought that he had done his share; but we remained silent. Finally he asked:

"Do members of the Society realize what the Lodge is doing for them? Do they appreciate how much more is done for them to-day, than was possible in the past, and the extent to which the individual is helped whenever there is enough genuine devotion to warrant it? Do they bless the light as it reaches them?

"People will not use their imagination. It uses them; and the resulting waste is appalling. To imagine what others may have thought, are thinking, or will think about 'me' (I, I, I), is perhaps the commonest form of this sin. The consequence is they have neither time, space in their heads, nor energy, for creative imagination. For instance, they say they do not know how to praise. (The reading of Cavé's comments must be held responsible for this outburst!) If I were talking to such people, this is what I should like to say:

"Man was created to praise God, not merely with his lips but with his whole life. He is intended to be, as Dionysius said, 'a mirror most luminous and without flaw, receptive of the primal light and the supremely divine ray, and devoutly filled with the entrusted radiance,' attaining assimilation and union with God, 'by looking unflinchingly to His most divine comeliness,' through the ascending hierarchies above him.

"'O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.'

"Thus sang the neophyte when passing through the purifying fires—as the Prayer Book does not suggest! (Its compilers would have been surprised to learn how often they quote from the mysteries,—though the 'Song of the Three Holy Children', the apocryphal or 'hidden' chapter of the Book of Daniel, which appears in the Prayer Book as the *Benedicite*, almost reveals itself as an episode of initation.)

"'O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.'

"Imagine it; feel it in your heart.

"'O ye Angels of the Lord,' angels of song, angels of sound transcending song, with your rapture of love, praise Him for me, praise Him for me. (Hear them, feel with them, die to all else, even as they hear only the divine perfections.)

"'O ye Angels of the Lord,' angels of colour, angels of light, angels of the everlasting radiance, with your rapture of worship, bless Him for me, bless Him for me. (See them, feel with them, and forget all else save the worship which is their being.)

"Praise Him with all the hosts of heaven, one at a time. There are angels of fragrance, angels of angelic touch, angels of power, angels of understanding, angels great and angels little; and do not forget the hierarchy of flowers, and of all 'Green Things upon the earth,' which praise Him and rejoice in Him unceasingly, even in death, and which He loves with an infinite love, for their sweetness and acceptance and endless adoration. Share their praise of Him; share His love for them.

> "'When the censers of the roses o'er the forest aisles are shaken,
> Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?'

"Do not forget, either, the hierarchy of feathered things, the 'Fowls of the air,' blessing Him, praising Him, and magnifying Him for ever.

"Feel with the mountains—earth's arms outstretched to Him, in an outburst of longing.

"The works of man also, into which praise and worship have entered, not only the conscious prayer of some great cathedral, with arches and spires soaring heavenwards, but even when, alas, man has not thought to praise, but has been possessed by 'the great god Pan,' till—

> "'The sun on the hill forgot to die,
> And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
> Came back to dream on the river.'

"It is easy, not difficult, to praise. All we need is to listen. Blasphemers, by blaspheming, recognize His supremacy unawares. There is not an atom in the universe that does not praise Him. Listen, and permit yourself to be carried by the torrent. Do not strain to hear. You will hear nothing if you strain. There is nothing so loud, nothing so near, as the universal praise of Him. The praise of suffering is perhaps the clearest note of all, for, 'when God endows a man with the grace of suffering, He gives him a greater grace than that of raising the dead to life; because in performing miracles, man remains God's debtor, whereas in suffering, God makes Himself the debtor of man.' See how He is worshipped in that saying, as well as in the fact! The saying of a saint, John Chrysostom, and perhaps the praise of saints may not seem easy to share; but the 'humble Men of heart' who have blessed Him and praised Him and magnified Him for ever by suffering, are as legion in history and in life; and may we not aim, when suffering comes, to use it as part of the great chorus, —as something which angels cannot offer?

"It is a world of passionate beauty, though the mind may see it in terms of hideousness and filth. I do not deny that there is filth and hideousness in life —man made; but personally we should not like to be judged by our lowest levels, and we know that no true view of us would be obtained in that way. So it is with the world around us,—above all, with those things still uncontaminated by the perversions which man seeks out. . . . There, I have finished my harangue!"

"What do you mean by 'angels?'" one of us asked.

"'Thus have I heard,'" he replied; "but is it not common-sense that there are as many orders or hierarchies of beings in the invisible world, as there are in the visible? There are angels who appear like men, though not of the human race; there are those who appear like breaths, but not as we know breath. Some are in close touch with earth; some are far removed from it. It seems probable that only Adepts know them either in their true appearance or in their true being, and that we mortals cannot. We add too much of ourselves to our vision. Thus, if an Adept were to try to describe to us the different orders of being on the planet Mars, he, in the first place, could only do so in terms of our previous experience, which is limited to this world, while we in our turn, listening, would attribute human or animal or vegetable characteristics to whatever he might describe. Imagine, if you can, a world which is as definite in form as our own, but where 'roundness,' 'squareness,' 'curves,' and 'angularity,' do not exist! Beatrice assured Dante, as you may remember, that it was a mistake to attribute understanding, memory, and will, in the human sense, to angels, although they possess these according to the angelic nature. 'These substances, since first they were gladdened by the face of God, have not turned their sight from it, from which nothing is concealed; therefore they have not a vision interrupted by new objects, and therefore do not need to remember by a divided conception.'

"I suspect, however, that any generalization is unsafe. Relatively speaking, there may be as much difference between one hierarchy of angels and another, as between men and flowers. I doubt if it matters much how we think of them, so long as we do not think of them as wearing modern fashions. That might be more than even they could endure. Stereotyped feather wings would be better than that.

"Daniel speaks of 'the man Gabriel.' In another place he speaks of 'one like the similitude of the sons of men.' When he tries description, he is either taken literally, or is psycho-analysed as an epileptic. Yet I doubt if there could be a more perfect description of a fact. You remember it: 'his body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude.'"

"And what do you mean by 'God'?" asked another.

"When I said 'him' or 'his,' I did not refer to the Absolute. Those who can think of the Absolute, may of course do so. I cannot. When I praise God, I praise the nearest to God that I know. You may take your choice."

Again there was a pause. Then the Philosopher spoke. "I have a 'concern,'" he said.

"Go ahead!" exclaimed the Student. "If it be a real 'concern,' the 'Screen' should have it."

"My concern is about Rudyard Kipling," the Philosopher explained; "and as I do not know him and have no excuse for writing to him, perhaps saying it here is the best chance to reach what I want to reach.

"Last winter I re-read *Kim;* a few weeks ago I re-read '*They.*' They are marvellous. He sees, and understands unutterable things. Furthermore, he learns; he does not stand still. He has covered more than one incarnation since he wrote *The Bonds of Discipline.* He has learned to understand France, among other things. Like the rest of us, he has two sides to his nature, but the side of him that wrote '*They*' (and I defy a stone to read that without heart-break), and the side of him that created the characters in *Kim,* is capable of infinitely more. It is capable of the most tragically needed and the most difficult task that the mind and the soul of a great artist could undertake."

He paused, and obviously it was not for effect, but simply because of his anxiety to convince as he was convinced.

"The world needs an ideal," he continued. "Kipling has gone far already toward giving the world an ideal, in his poem 'If.' An ideal to be effective, however, must be concrete, must be embodied, must be made personal; it must move and act; it must arouse admiration, love, worship, desire. The world cannot love an abstraction."

"It sounds rather as if you were explaining the Incarnation," the Student commented.

"Part of the explanation, doubtless," the Philosopher replied. "An Avatar creates new contact between the spiritual world and the physical; he takes into his own purity the sins of the world, much as the love of father or mother takes to itself the offences of children, placing itself between such 'sins and their reward.' An Avatar unquestionably accomplishes all of this and much else beyond our understanding; but there is one direction in which his success must be hopelessly dependent upon his followers, and that is in the establishment of a model for men to imitate. Granting that one purpose of his incarnation is to reveal the divine nature in terms of human nature, and to show, therefore, the soul and being of Man at their best—the first-born of many brethren, the picture of what all men ultimately should become—it rests with those who surround him and who follow him to describe him; and certainly in the case of the Master Christ they have portrayed, not the man as he was, not the man as he is, but a wraith, now sitting at the right hand of God, praying, but with his hands folded. Swinburne's 'pale Galilean' was scarcely an exaggeration of the picture which priests have drawn; and the worst of it is, all of us were brought up in that tradition; our minds and imaginations were trained in that mould: it is far from easy to force one's way out of it, and to look independently, without preconception, for the truth.

"We need to look at the living fact quite as much as at the record. We should interpret the record in the light of the fact, rather than the fact in the light of the record."

"What do you mean by 'the fact'?" our Visitor interjected.

"I mean the living Master; I mean the man who talked with his stupid disciples on their way to Emmaus, and who ate and drank with them on the shore of the sea of Tiberias, and again when he showed them that his immortal body still had bones,—and wounds in hands and feet: infinitely more alive than

you or I. If we do not know him from actual experience, we can in any case imagine him, and imagine him freely, boldly, with one-pointed desire for the truth—in itself a tremendous evocation. I am convinced that anyone approaching him in that spirit, with heart and mind wide open, and with persistence, would find very soon that he was dealing with the greatest reality in life; further, that before long he would *know*."

"Do you mean that he would have a vision and would begin to see things?" It seemed rather as if our Visitor's question arose from some chance contact with delirium tremens; there was suppressed horror in his voice. The Philosopher laughed outright.

"Not necessarily," he replied. "Speaking for myself, a vision would not convince me of anything. The things I know, I know from inner perception: I know that this man is honest; I know that another man is a knave. What I claim is that by intelligent and persistent use of the imagination, a man might learn more about the Master Christ in a few months, than by reading innumerable books about him, based upon the hackneyed interpretations of the past."

"One man I know," said the Engineer, "did not start from that motive, but with an absolute determination to learn to love him. He was convinced already of the Master's existence, and he had long since dropped the orthodox conception of the Master's character, seeing instead—though with blind faith, as it were—an ideal man who in every way appealed to him as one to be loved and followed to the death. It is true that my friend had the advantage of an older student's guidance—of one who had travelled a similar path long before; but he assured me that in less than six months, without in any way seeking proof or experience, he had found that the realities of this world are shadows in comparison with the terrific reality of the Master's personality. He would not attempt to describe anything, saying he was not able; but he *knew*,—that was evident."

"You are going further than I had intended," the Philosopher interposed. "All that I have in mind is the untrammelled, creative use of a great artist's imagination. Think of it in terms of painting: there are innumerable paintings of Christ, and practically all of them follow a stereotyped pattern, like yards of superior wall-paper. I can think of only one famous picture in which he is not given a beard. French artists give him a pointed or indented beard; German artists give him a square beard, and so forth: but that is the chief difference. His character, as represented in all these pictures, is in any case intended to be the same—that of the Christ as priests have portrayed him.

"Now suppose some great painter were to set to work to wipe out from his memory (a stupendous feat) this array of pictures from the past, and were to approach the subject with no thought of fame, with no fear of criticism, with nothing in his heart except a passionate desire to paint that Master *as he is*, for love of truth, for love of beauty, for love of fair-play: I think he might paint something that would lift the world by its shoe-straps.

"Kipling could do more than any painter, if only because the medium of his

art is less restricted. He has proved a hundred times that he can make the invisible, sensible; that he can create an atmosphere which says infinitely more than outline or symbol. He sees things beyond himself; he feels intensely but is in command of feeling; his mind is open and his heart is big; his technique has become a second nature to him, and, above all, as I have said, he sees behind things and above things—things above himself too. He was born to do this thing. His life's experience has led him to it.

"How he would do it, I have not the least idea. I am not an artist. Perhaps a poem would be the only means; but the effect would be far greater if it could be done in story form—perhaps the battlefields of France as background. Think what it would be if Kipling, with his wizardry, were to tell and yet were not to tell, what that Master did for France—yes, and for thousands upon thousands of simple men who died for him without knowing it! Think what it would be if the Master at last were shown with something of his real nature, though with the infinite unknown and the infinitely mysterious as the substance of everything revealed,—were shown as Warrior, first, last, and all the time; as King, unrecognized, but superbly, unanswerably the King, more royal than any Pharoah, and therefore divinely humble, divinely grateful for the least of his children's gifts, for the least of our efforts to please him."

"There were men in that First Hundred Thousand," the Student interjected, rather thickly, "who died with an oath on their lips; there were stable-boys, and the sons of noblemen—all sorts—who jumped right in with no spring-board to help them except a sense of 'noblesse oblige.' To many it would have seemed blasphemous to suppose that *he* was breathing upon that spirit, bringing it to white heat,—bringing the souls of those men to life. But when they died fighting, or of wounds in some stinking pool, cursing, perhaps, that they could fight no more—having given their lives for what they thought 'right'—I know if I know anything that he came to greet them, for love of what they loved, for love of them—his own; and that they, who had not thought to please him—who had not thought of him at all—with eyes closed for ever, looked upward, drawn by the radiance of his face, to find themselves loved so that the evil in them died of sorrow—a second death—freeing them to carry on the fight with the joy of knowing him as Friend and Captain and their Cause in one."

"I believe you," said our Visitor. "Lots of people believed something like that, so long as the war was on. But why is it, if he made himself visible to those men at the moment of death, that he never makes himself visible to us during our moments of life, while we still have a chance to reform?"

"'Never' is a strong word, and in any case you happen to be mistaken. So far as your question is concerned, I suggest that he who still has a chance to reform, still has a chance not to reform, and that to see and then to turn away or to forget, would be a sin which the Master, for our sakes, does not want to make possible. He hides himself, as it were, for our protection. There is something in the Bible to the effect that 'this people (the Jews) had not known sin unless I had come among them.' It is the same idea. The more we know,

the greater our responsibility. Further, a Master necessarily must be the embodiment of spiritual law; he cannot give, unless we have earned the right, the ability, to receive. If those men of whom the Student was speaking, had died in their beds at a ripe old age, I doubt very much if they would have earned the reward which came to them."

Then the Philosopher returned to his "concern."

"Kipling could do it," he said. "I know of no other writer who could. There is nothing that the world needs as much, all kinds and classes alike. What have they got? Think of the men whom Kipling depicts: Pyecroft, for instance. Part of the joke was that he called himself a Plymouth Brother; but if you had a free hand with that man, what would you do with him? Would you change him into a 'turn-the-other-cheek,' psalm-singing Methodist, or hymn-singing Episcopalian, or priest-ridden Catholic, or would you wish to addle his brains and upset his morals (because he had a 'code') with 'ideas' about Reincarnation and Karma? What he needs is someone to admire, to look up to; if possible, to revere and worship. How *can* he try to imitate Christ, as Christ is represented to him! Think of men utterly different,—of a musician, let us say. Do you realize how hopelessly foreign the Master seems to all a musician's interests, to all that he loves and lives for? Suppose that Christ were shown to him as the Great Musician, to whom Israfel listens with awe and rapture; the music of Pan merely an echo of the sweetness and power of *his* divine singing; the greatest of composers unconsciously reaching toward symphonies which *he* weaves, toward melodies which pour from a heart which is Music itself. It would not take long for your musician to discover that, as is the life, so is the music: his morals would take care of themselves.

"I have been told and I believe that that Master loves some of the poems of Keats. Such an idea would shock the orthodox, though why it should shock them, if you stop to think about it, is not easy to explain. Suppose that men could believe: *he* loves what I love, but loves it infinitely more, infinitely better! He has been exiled, ejected, from his own world; he has been made lonely as no other is lonely: he craves our human love, and those who perhaps have meant to love him —themselves loving a shadow cast by their own exceeding pallor—have made love of him impossible, impossible, for those who might love him best."

The Philosopher lit a cigarette. He is not fond of showing what he feels in those depths.

"Think of his statesmanship," he said, "in an age when statesmanship is dead —except among the Latins, when they have a chance. Think of playing the game with hands tied, as he does—tied by the laws of right, by the law of his own being, or, if you choose, by respect for the free will of men—and playing it hundreds of moves ahead, and of winning, against devils seen and unseen, as he always wins in the end!"

"You suggest that Kipling could convey all these ideas in the form of a story?" the Lawyer questioned.

"I do, and many more."

"But how could he do so without a lot of philosophical explanation which would turn it from a work of art, into a sort of tract? Take, for example, what you have said about the Master working with his hands tied: is it not true, with few exceptions, that those who believe in Christ, think of him as omnipotent, and of miracles as the setting aside of natural law, instead of as wonders proving the use of forces as yet undiscovered by the world?"

"How could Kipling do it?" the Philosopher echoed. "I don't know. If I did, I might try to do it myself!"

"It would be impossible," the Lawyer declared. "You are expecting the man-in-the-street to understand a story built around a ten-dimensioned consciousness. I doubt if you realize the gulf which separates the views you have outlined, from,—I will not say the beliefs, but from the preconceptions of the average man. Take one idea: that Masters are the efflorescence of evolution, and perhaps of periods of evolution preceding our own. Without that idea, you deprive them of the merit of achievement. To think of Christ as having fought his way up through conditions more difficult than our own; of having become what he is as the result of his own efforts, and of an age-long and constantly renewed sacrifice, alone enables us, as I see it, to begin to appreciate what he is. To think of him as ready-made perfect, from the beginning or before the beginning—as most believers think of him—is simply stultifying, though they would think the other view gives him less glory, and perhaps robs him of his divinity,—in fact, a sort of heresy, blasphemous at that."

"Kipling would know how to avoid those pit-falls," the Philosopher persisted. "It would be a fatal mistake, of course, to risk up-setting anyone's faith, or to cover too much ground. Apart from other considerations, it would be bad art, and he is incapable of that. You cannot paint a city, and the portraits of all the men in it, on the same canvas. Sometimes the only way to paint the city, is to paint a corner of it,—a bridge or an arch-way or spire. Leave that to Kipling! The central idea in this case is that Christ is a *man*—divinely human, humanly divine; not less than he is commonly believed to be, but inconceivably more, inconceivably greater: above all, that he is not far away, but near,—the nearest that we have, both in terms of space, and in terms of our own real interests and loves and hopes and visions (for, *pace* our Visitor, nearly all men have visions!)."

"Even if Kipling could do as you say, it would ruin him," the Lawyer asserted.

"How?"

"He has a great reputation, and people would say he was mad, or had 'got religion.'"

"Not everyone," answered the Philosopher. "But even so, what of it?"

The Lawyer laughed. "I agree with you," he said. "Certainly 'over there,' they would be glad."

"What are you going to do with all this talk?" asked the always practical Engineer. "Put it in the 'Screen'? Send it to Kipling? He wouldn't read a word of it. The name of the QUARTERLY would prejudice him, because all he

knows of Theosophy would be tied in with spooks and prodigies and politics,—with that misguided woman's crazy propaganda in India."

"I don't know what I shall do with it," the Recorder answered. "It depends upon how much 'copy' is needed!"

T.

How will that prayer be heard by Heaven which is not heard by him who offers it?—BONA.

Since you are properly a clod, you will not rise into the air;
You will rise into the air, if you break and become dust.
If you break not, He who moulded you will break you.

—JALÁLU'D-DIN-RÚMI.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

April 21st, 1910.

DEAR——

* * * * * * * *

In occultism there are two ways of acquiring knowledge. One is to need it for the growth of one's own soul. The other is in response to another's need. Real needs are *always* answered. So you will see that it is a privilege to be the means of answering the questions of another student, and, consequently, you must not hesitate to ask questions freely. I very well remember, many years ago, when Mr. Judge asked —— and me to make a point of asking him questions.

When first writing, I usually advise certain definite things, and I do not know that I can do better than give you this usual advice, for experience has shown it to be good. . . .

Make a practice of reading from some devotional book each morning and evening; and try to keep the ideas and thoughts engendered by your reading in your mind during your waking hours.

Be very faithful and regular with your daily meditation. You will find it hard to do this; hard to find a free half hour at a regular time, and hard to learn to meditate in the real sense; but much depends upon this,—much more than you are likely to appreciate at first. Meditation is the only royal road to spiritual enlightenment and has more power than any of us realizes. It is the great secret of occultism.

Study thoroughly. The Rules of the Lodge are the same for all stages of progress; the demands of the Law upon you now differ in degree, but not in kind, from the demands upon an adept—so you can trace the obligations of chelaship itself from the Rules laid down for us. Further than that it is not necessary for you to try to go.

Membership is a life, and our success therein depends upon what we make of our lives in all directions. It needs common sense and sanity of mind and of judgment, as well as book learning and earnest devotion. All sides of the nature must be trained, must be controlled, must be disciplined.

You have my very sincerest wishes for complete success, and I shall be only too glad to try and clear up anything you come across which puzzles you.

With kindest regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

May 17th, 1910.

DEAR———

May I suggest a comment upon your last note, without waiting for the questions which you say will follow later?

Please break yourself of the habit of saying and thinking derogatory things of yourself. It is bad occultism and not very good sense. The world has a saying, based on truth, that "people take us at our own valuation of ourselves." The same thing goes much deeper. We become what we think, and if you continue to think bad things of yourself you may make some of them true, in the course of time. There is, as a matter of fact, nothing bad about you at all. You are perfect, must be perfect, and always will be perfect. You may have accumulated some outer garments, around about your real self, which are not quite as clean as you would like to have them, but you know that they are temporary things and will wear out in time. In the meantime, do not think of them at all; ignore them. If you must think of these outer things, then picture perfectly clean and perfectly beautiful clothes in your mind, and think of them as the kind you would like to wear and propose to get as soon as you can. The mere thinking of them will tend to wear out the other kind, which will rapidly disappear.

My simile is a little bit mixed, but I suspect you will follow my meaning. Of course what I say about this is largely, but not wholly, derived from your note, in which you speak of your obstinacy and general wrong-headedness. To the best of my knowledge and belief, you are neither wrong-headed nor obstinate, even outwardly and superficially. So do not say so, and above all, do not think so. Even if you were both these things, it would still be bad occultism to say it, and to dwell upon it in your thoughts. Let your faults take care of themselves, and do you pay particular attention to and dwell upon your virtues, both those which you have, and particularly those which you propose to acquire.

With which little lecture, I shall beg your pardon, and ask for those questions.

With kindest regards, as always,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

June 30th, 1910.

DEAR———

I was very much pleased to receive your letter of the 15th–20th June, with the questions; and somewhat dismayed, too; for I am not guaranteed as a responder to queries; I can only do my best.

First of all, please let me say that I did not write, and did not mean to infer in anything I did write, that I think sorrow for our dead is selfish. It may be selfish,—almost anything may be selfish. But it is human to miss our friends, no matter how much better off we may honestly believe them to be; and I wanted to express my sympathy for you in such a loss. Your personal grief would only become selfish if it prevented your doing your duty to others; and I

do not believe you would let it do that. From a very exalted point of view, it *is* foolish to grieve for either the living or the dead; but we do many things which are foolish from such a standpoint, and no one thinks of blaming us for it. It is a matter of our limitations, and we must recognize our own limitations just as we recognize those of our friends. We must be as patient with them also. As I have often said before, in occultism it is just as wrong to be unjust to ourselves as to be unjust to another. Now for the questions!

1. It is important to have a regular time for meditation, because the body and the mind are very much under the sway of habit. You will find it much easier to meditate at the usual time than at any other; it will be far easier to control your mind, and your body will not be so likely to interfere. But I should not let the fact that I must change the time once a week worry me. The main thing is to meditate; time and place is secondary. The spiritual world is always ready. This whole question of meditation is exceedingly important, and is not to be learned in a day or a year. I have been at it for over twenty years and know that I barely understand the elements. We shall come back to it again. . . .

3. I think you will find that plenty of opportunities to work for the T. S. and the Movement will present themselves to you. You must recognize them when they knock. You are already working for your Branch, for the QUARTERLY, and doubtless for other departments I know nothing about. I think an earnest desire to do your duty in this matter is all that is needed to produce the opportunity.

4. All our devotional books are expositions of the "Heart Doctrine," and the best specific treatise is the *Voice of the Silence* where it is expounded by name.

5. Professor Mitchell's statement [in *Meditation*] about never permitting the mind to act undirected, is an ideal towards which we must aspire. There must be a beginning made in learning to control the mind; the successful accomplishment of this most difficult of tasks is a long way off for most of us; but how far off we do not know, for we do not know how much work we have done in this direction in the past, and therefore how much help our past will be to us. The secret of success in this, as in most matters in connection with the mind, is to build up gradually in our consciousness the knowledge that we are not our minds; that we are something entirely different, which has an independent life, which continues when the mind is asleep or quiet, and which ought to dominate the mind and use it as an instrument, as we use our hands or eyes or any other faculty. This is also the secret of continuous meditation, about which you will hear more in the future. The Western mind is a handicap in these matters, for it has been in a dominant position for so long that it now considers itself the real thing,— while it is merely the instrument of the real thing, the soul. In making the effort to carry out all these injunctions, I must again warn you not to drive yourself unduly. We must recognize our limitations. We must treat ourselves, our minds, as we would a valuable horse. We do not drive a horse too fast or too long, because we know that if we do we shall not

get so far in the long run. So it is with ourselves. We have a very long journey ahead of us, and while we must waste no time, we must not try to run when we are only fit to walk.

6. We are expected to obey, very literally indeed, the injunction not to take anxious thought of the morrow. What do you know about to-morrow? But do not make the absurd blunder of thinking that you are taking thought of to-morrow when you are ordering provisions, to-day, for the meals of to-morrow! That is the duty of the moment. In our complex civilization we often have to do things to-day which do not come to a focus for days or weeks. But do not worry to-day about the provisions that you will order to-morrow, for that is the duty of to-morrow! Do you see the point? It is really an effort to avoid all anxiety. Anxiety, from the occult point of view, is a barrier, and one of the commonest and thickest barriers which we create about ourselves, and which hem us in and separate us from the spiritual world. Like all other limitations, it is entirely self-created. Remember this. Even the so-called circumstances of our lives, which seem to limit us in all directions, are all self-created. They disappear like mist in a hot sun when we learn the lesson they are to teach. This sounds like a hard thing to believe, but it is not. The whole material world, and everything in it, is nothing but a husk or rind which the spiritual world has thrown around the personality in order to teach it certain needed things. These conditions have no permanence, no power, save what they derive from their creators on the spiritual plane; and they melt away, without leaving a trace, when their task is done.

This lesson of faith, of faith in the power of the Spirit, of the Master, is one of the hard lessons to learn. We have theoretical faith, but fail in practical, day-by-day application. We are afraid to trust the Law in some things, for fear they will not come out "right"; as if we knew what "right" was in any given case!

I have much enjoyed trying to reply to your letter, and am sorry that I was interrupted before quite finishing.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom, Jr.

October 2nd, 1910.

Dear———

When am I to have the pleasure of hearing from you again? I am not so conceited as to believe that your well-being depends upon your letters to and from me, but I do believe that it is largely dependent upon the strictest kind of observance of all rules; and one of the few that now concern you is that you shall correspond regularly.

I hope therefore that you will write me soon about your effort to live the life, even if you do not have anything which seems to you very important to say.

I hope that you had a very pleasant summer vacation, and that you and ——— are in fine condition for the winter's work.

With kindest regards to you both,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

October 16th, 1910.

DEAR———

When ——— gave me your letter to me last night, I told him to tell you not to worry about the loss of my letter. We are judged by our motives, not, fortunately for all of us, by the results of our actions; and the letter is in the hands of the Good Law which will take care of it. I enclose you a copy of the letter, but I must ask you to return it to me for I must keep a record of our correspondence. You may make a copy of it for yourself if you care to take the trouble and consider it worth it.

So forget all about this—and pass on to the next thing that Life will present.

Yours very sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

October 12th, 1910.

DEAR ———

You write in your recent letter that you would like me to tell you the kind of letter to write. May I start off, then, by saying that what you did write is just the kind of letter to write. It gives me plenty of texts upon which to hang my little sermons.

First of all let me say that you are quite right in thinking that my function is to be ready to do anything I can to help you when you call upon me for help, and that if you have no need of help there would be nothing for me to do, and correspondence would be a superfluity. But you would have to be a very lucky person indeed if, in your progress, you never needed the kind of help which another could give you. In my experience I have found that a new student has to be urged a bit to accept the help which is ready and offering. Hence my letter. It may very well be that my letter was a mistake, that you do not need urging,—in which case I apologize for my officiousness.

. . . There are several other things which you have been advised to do, and until you do them and do them completely, you will never get anything more in the way of directions than this tentative advice. I was not speaking very accurately, therefore, when I said that it was a rule for you to write regularly to me. It is only advice, but like the other advice given you, you will not get very far unless you follow it; hence it has all the authority of a rule. The Masters do not give directions to any except proven disciples, for the very simple reason that if the direction should not be followed to the letter, the consequences are very dire. The *modus operandi* of this law in occultism will be explained to you later on. It is one of the fundamental laws governing chelaship.

Please understand that I have nothing to do with all this. I have been told to correspond with you, and you with me. It may turn out to be an absolutely profitless correspondence for both of us, but still we must do it because we have been told to do it. It will at least serve the purpose of training us to do as we are told.

To maintain a theosophic attitude towards the circumstances of our lives as they unroll, is the acme of discipleship. I can give you no better advice than this; can hope no greater thing for you. And *Light on the Path* tells us plainly enough how we must do this; how we are to work as those do who are ambitious, *i.e.*, whose hearts are in their work—and yet still remain serene and detached from the work itself. I think this covers the bulk of your letter and the turmoil in which you find yourself. You allowed yourself to become absorbed in your work, in the work itself,—when what you should have done was to be absorbed in the conscientious doing of it, careless of results. We must be ready instantly to relinquish our most cherished employment, our dearest possessions, our heart's desire; and to go on calmly doing the next task, whether distasteful or not, with the same conscientiousness that we would put into what we love. And to be tested, we are usually called upon to do what we do not like, to give up what we do like. Life does this for us. There is no need of artificial tests.

We have called upon the Law to test our fitness to travel further up the Path of Life and Immortality. You will have read about reaction. Now you are experiencing it. It is a very real thing; a painfully real thing. One of the first things a new and sincere member learns is that it is no joke, no plaything. We are not amateurs in occultism; we are professionals, and are treated as such. I think you must have realized the truth of this already, and it may be some grim comfort for you to know that the promptness and the definiteness with which pressure descends upon us is closely related to our worthiness for real trials, actual tests, and our capacity to bear such tests. We are never tried beyond our strength, therefore the heavier our trials, the greater our strength, the more actual spiritual stamina we must have.

It is the inner nature which meditates, not the lower. The lower hates to do it, the brain hates to do it, and we hate to do it until "we" ceases to be the brain or personality, and becomes the inner nature. But we must persist, because it is the way to identify the "I" with the higher nature instead of the lower. Once we shift the centre of our consciousness, we love to meditate, and get more comfort and help and strength from it than from anything else; perhaps from all else put together.

It is a long road you are trying to travel, but the rate you travel depends absolutely upon yourself. It may all be done in a moment of time. Nothing in the Universe can keep you back save yourself.

Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom, Jr.

The Master Mason, by the Rev. John J. Lanier 32°, Rector of St. George's Church, Fredericksburg, Va., published by J. J. Lanier, Fredericksburg, Va.

Every Master Mason ought to read this book, not once, but often. The author understands Masonry as few understand it. He knows it to be a creative art. He knows that man is intended to build himself.

Masonry has preserved a chart, showing the ground to be covered, the things to be done, if man would win his immortality. Unfortunately, not one Mason in thousands has any desire to see or to do more than the requisite minimum, for in Masonry as in the Churches, a man finds what he brings, and most men bring empty heads and foolish hearts, their desire scattered and their interest given to worldly things. They are gregarious by nature, and they use Masonry to escape from solitude. None the less, the symbols of the Craft are the symbols of the Lesser Mysteries, and when a Mason remains without light, it is because he prefers darkness.

It is interesting to note, incidentally, how deep conviction and sincerity can bridge the gulf between such widely separated schools as Masonry and the Roman Catholic Church. It happened that the reviewer, a day or two after reading *The Master Mason* with immense interest and pleasure, read a passage in *An Introduction to the Mystical Life*, by the Abbé Lejeune (and we insist always that the spirit of French Catholicism is radically different from the Catholicism of Rome and from that of Irish-America),—a passage which might easily be mistaken for the work of "Brother" Lanier. "No mason places even a single stone," says the Abbé, "without first using his rule and plumb-line; in the same way should we apply to our every action the rule of God's will, and of His greater glory. And further, just as no really good workman contents himself with using his square and rule once only, but again and again, and until the stone be well set, neither ought we to content ourselves with offering our actions once to God at the outset; but we should at the time make a point of so arranging whatever we are doing that it may be continually offered to God, using such words as these: 'Lord, it is for Thee that I am doing this, and by Thy command—because Thou dost wish it.'"

Truly, it is not more instruction that the world needs. The Masters of Wisdom have seen to it that every sort of creature is confronted with instruction, in huge type, impossible to overlook. All we need is to do any one simple thing that we know we ought to do, and particularly the thing we least want to do, to start us on the "small, old path that stretches far away," from chaos and misery to order, reason, contentment, illumination,—to the world of the Eternal.

Y.

Greek Biology and Medicine, by Henry Osborn Taylor (Marshall Jones Company, Boston).

This is the third book in the series of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," and, like any work from Dr. Taylor, it is very well done. A great deal of research has gone to the making of this condensed account of the influence on modern thought of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Celsus and Galen. The value of the book is increased by the brief outline given at the close of the volume, which enables the reader to trace the connection between the earliest and more modern times when Paré, William Harvey and Sydenham made evident the debt which medical science owes to the Greeks and Latins; while Müller, G. H. Lewis and Ogle drew inspiration from Aristotle in biology, in spite of independent research work which was then proceeding.

Readers of the QUARTERLY will recall how the influence of Aristotle has been traced through Arabic sources to Spain and France, there to meet with the influence of the Florentine Academy and the revival of Neoplatonism, together with the revolt of Paracelsus against the humoralism of Galen and the work of Vesalius against the older anatomists. This, perhaps, does not find proper place in Dr. Taylor's book and purposely was omitted; but the two considerations stand for the two sides of an equation, and the reform of Paracelsus, quack though he was considered, turned the thought of his time to consider that there were principles which underlay the various manifestations of disease, and that rightful treatment must depend on the search for the hidden principles upon which depended the cure, while the outward symptoms were but adjuncts to the real means by which Nature could effect that cure. As Dr. Taylor concludes, in the Aristotelian, Galenic and Hippocratic teaching, as well as in that of Paracelsus, "at the summit waves the flag of *Nature*,—the old Hippocratic φύσις—as the healer of the body's ills." Let us thank Dr. Taylor for his work, which takes us at least some steps on the road of learning our debt to the past.

A. K.

The Christian Character, by the Rev. E. L. Strong, M.A.; Longmans, Green & Co.; $2.25.

This is an excellent manual for the practical study of those qualities and characteristics which may be said to be distinctively Christian, and which are summed up in the Beatitudes. The author deplores the fact that multitudes of modern psychological studies of "behaviour" ignore "the vast mass of evidence which comes from those whose conduct has been, as most men in Christendom at any rate acknowledge, the highest and most beautiful that has been produced in man." Self, and the self-development of a strong and able personality, is the thesis of psychology; whereas Christianity envisages an altogether higher sphere for conduct, in which the "old man" is put off, and a "new man" put on, "created in righteousness and holiness of truth," with a new centre in fellowship and brotherhood rather than in self. Penetrating studies of the Beatitudes follow,—wisely and fully illustrated with texts from the New Testament. Even meekness is well discussed; and though apparently at some cost to the author, who does not see with complete clearness, there is yet admitted the distinction between resentment at an injury done to oneself, and "anger" at injuries done to Christ or to another. A final division discusses the effects of the Christian character: it makes for peace or evokes persecution.

A. G.

The French periodicals are in general more readable than the American and English, for they touch on more interesting subjects and the form of the articles is more agreeable. So many of the French can be earnest and tolerant, scholarly and witty, all at the same time.

Opening at random any number of the *Mercure de France*, the reader is quite sure to find at least one article of exceptional interest, religious, philosophical, historical, or scientific. Thus, a series of articles appeared recently, discussing clairvoyance and psychometry. It is important to note how many French scientists accept psychometry as genuine, even when they try to explain it by "hyperæsthesia of the sense of touch." Of special significance is the hypothesis offered by Dr. Stephen Chauvet in his article on *Le Mystérieux Humain* (Oct. 1, 1923). Dr. Chauvet suggests that psychic clairvoyance is a phenomenon of the same order as the "flash of genius." It is preceded by an act of concentrated will and imagination, which arouses the subconscious to action. Then, after a more or less lengthy period of subconscious gestation, the conscious mind has a sudden lucid intuition of the images which the subconscious has been forming. In the normal human mind these images, however intense, remain subjective and mental, but in the psychic they may take an objective form, because he seems to possess in working order "a centre of vision, which is independent of the posterior part of the brain, classically considered as the zone of localization of vision."

For several months the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been publishing Maurice Barrès' *Enquête aux Pays du Levant*, a study of the Near East. Though a devout Catholic, M. Barrès reveals a discerning and cordial tolerance towards the many creeds and mysteries of Syria and Asia Minor, ancient and modern. Indeed, the author's enlightened respect for the opinions of others

lends to these articles a special charm, quite apart from the interest of the facts which they describe. Many pages are devoted to the Old Man of the Mountain, Chief of the mediæval sect of the Assassins, who is best known as a half-legendary figure in tales of the Crusades. After a careful study of the available data, M. Barrès restores the figure of the Old Man as the head of a secret society which aimed at political power and whose favourite method was the assassination of rulers. Like the secret societies of the Eighteenth Century in Europe, the Assassins veiled their real purposes in symbols and rites to which no exception could be taken. Their sect, now altogether harmless, still exists and venerates a descendant of the last great Chief, the Aga Khan, who lives in Paris and Deauville (!).

In the *Revue de Paris* (January 1, 1923) there was a most valuable article by the Abbé Henri Brémond on *La Philosophie de Saint François de Sales*. St. Francis played a leading rôle in one of the greatest of theological controversies. The question was "whether man is a living sin or an essentially good being, made for truth and virtue." St. Francis proved himself a true child of the Renaissance, by upholding the essential worth and nobility and divinity of the human soul. While admitting the transitory servitude of the soul to the passions, he refused to admit that the passions are expressions of the soul. Thus he emphasized what students of Theosophy would call the need for right self-identification. We are not dependent upon some miraculous divine grace, to become virtuous. We can become virtuous now, at any moment, by reason of the fact that we are souls, for the soul is by nature one with God and by its own right and power is capable of every good. Most men live in bondage to their passions, desires and fears, because they have become blind to the reality of their souls. . . . Part of the value and interest of this article consists in its revelation of that spirit of Theosophy, which is present in Christianity, as it is present in all of the world-religions.

The reviewer cannot resist the temptation to call attention to another article in the same number of the *Revue de Paris*. It is by M. Abel Bonnard, and the subject is "The Rôle of Women." Woman Suffrage is still an issue in France, where a bill extending the ballot to women recently failed to pass the Senate. M. Bonnard remarks on the curious phenomenon that the modern democratic movement has attained its greatest momentum at the very moment when men are beginning to feel genuinely skeptical of its value. It seems that there is a moral law, which makes us realize to the last detail all the consequences of an abandoned desire; which makes us go on to the end, even after we have recognized the end to be futile or detestable. M. Bonnard does not argue against woman suffrage as such; he does not consider it as a political problem. But he asks whether there is not a grave danger to our whole civilization in the general tendency of the day to compel women to take an active part in public life. "Woman is the priestess, the sacred custodian of the deep-buried reserves of humanity, which this age believes in squandering so recklessly." She holds in her heart the silent wisdom and aspiration of the ages. That is the cause of her beauty, as is proved by the fact that "the woman who spends her treasure, who talks too much, loses her beauty." She should not try to manifest outwardly all her meditations, her sentiments and her dreams, for she has not that mission. It is her nature to store up riches in her heart, and it is the nature of man to disburse them. If women fail in their part of the work, the man of genius is helpless, since he has nothing to give.

These arguments belong, indeed, to the Age of Chivalry. But a student of Theosophy, who believes in the law of cycles, may hope and trust that the Age of Chivalry will come again.

S. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 287.—*Krishna is identified, in the Bhagavad Gita, with the Logos in the same way that the Master Christ is spoken of as one with the Father. Assuming that Krishna and Jesus, however exalted, were still individual human beings, how is it possible to conceive of them as one with that which transcends the individual? Is not the whole greater than any of its parts?*

ANSWER.—The whole is only greater than the part in the case of finite things. In the case of the infinite, the whole may be wholly represented in a part of itself. That, in effect, is one of the mathematical definitions of the infinite. How this can be, our minds, being themselves finite, are unable to understand, for the finite cannot understand the infinite. To understand with our hearts does not, however, present any great difficulty. He who is completely courageous, who is rightly described as the "soul of courage," is one with the source of all courage. The Masters Krishna and Christ are one with the source of all that is noble, all that is divine. There is an old analogy of the water in a sponge in the ocean, and the ocean itself. The water in the sponge is one with the ocean. It is not the whole ocean. The Masters are not the Absolute. It has been said that they regard themselves as chelas of Masters higher than themselves. The Master Christ said, "I and my Father are one," but he also said, "My Father is greater than I."

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—This question touches upon the ineffable mystery of Being, before which the intellect is powerless. "Who am I? What is the universe? Why am I in the universe and one with it?" The mind may ask these questions, but how will it find the answers?

The Master is, indeed, said to be both human and divine, both individual and universal. From one point of view the Master may be conceived as differing from the mortal in so far as he is in an attitude of continuous reverence and love before the threefold mystery of all Being—of the individual or microcosm, of the universal or macrocosm, of the oneness of microcosm and macrocosm. He has silenced the mind and come to consciousness in a nature which reveals more perfectly That which he is. Yet, what he is consciously, we are also, though still unconsciously. To every soul it may be said with absolute truth, *Tat tvam asi*, thou art the Eternal, thou art That.

S. L.

ANSWER.—Christ was constantly saying: My Father is greater than I. Can not an individual be one in purpose and will with what is greater?

S. M.

QUESTION NO. 288.—*We are told that intuition is a higher faculty than reason. But if we act under the impression that intuition guides us, how are we to be sure that we are not acting on impulse?*

ANSWER.—It is very difficult to be sure. Most of those who proclaim that they are guided by intuition are self-deceived; they are only giving a dignified name to the fitful impulses of self-will. Any one who thinks that intuition is his guide, would do well to find an adviser who

would check the suggestions of the guide, in order to protect himself from the wiles of the devil.

S. M.

ANSWER.—Intuition may be higher or lower than reason. It depends on what definitions we give to the two terms. It may be recalled, however, that a Greek word for reason is logos, and that the office of reason is to balance or judge values. How, then, are we to determine the value of an intuition, if not by using our reason? If we really manifested reason in the order of our thoughts, there would be no difficulty. Our thoughts lack reason because our lives lack it. We must manifest judgment and discernment in action and make them an integral part of our daily consciousness, before we can ever hope to know a true intuition when we see one.

S. L.

ANSWER.—One must first have a clear idea of what intuition is. It is, compared with reason, a sort of short cut to knowledge, an instinctive grasp of a problem which might or might not have been worked out by the slower and more laborious process of reasoning. Intuition is for individual use, however, and in general simply furnishes a good working hypothesis which must be fortified by reason before the truth it contains can be presented to the world as a fact. There are, moreover, many counterfeits of intuition, and one should be very certain that the intuition is genuine before venturing to act upon it. As a means whereby truth may be apprehended, real intuition is higher than reason, but for the ordinary man it is far from being a safe guide to action, since nine times out of ten what is called intuition is nothing of the kind, but merely an impression, a "feeling," a guess and often a bad guess. Genuine intuition is a high spiritual faculty, but its spurious psychic shadow belongs to the world of illusion and is as far removed from it as fancy is from true, productive imagination. S.

QUESTION NO. 289.—*Brother Lawrence says that he was more united to God in his ordinary occupations than when he left them for devotion in retirement, from which he knew himself to issue with more dryness of spirit. In principle this experience is constantly my own. Why is it?*

ANSWER.—We are closest to God when we are doing His will, whether that be contemplation or outer work, and quite irrespective of our "feelings" in regard thereto. When we feel united to God while performing our outer duties, it is a great gain. To continue steadfast in prayer in spite of much dryness of spirit will also, if persisted in, result in great gain, greater, it is said, than when there is more of spiritual consolation. All of the saints had to pass through periods of spiritual dryness due, presumably, to no fault of their own, but that certain things might be accomplished in them. With those who are not saints, however, "dryness" in prayer is more often not dryness so much as emptiness, the result of preventable leakages of spiritual force which should be sought for and stopped. When we give our interest and attention to outer things—not duties—they become enmeshed therein, and we cannot recover them for our times of prayer. The obvious result is dryness, and the cure is to centre our interest where it belongs. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—He may have had a very narrow approach to God, he may have thought that God was to be found only through the Church and its services. If that were the case, the experience might have broadened his views.

S. M.

ANSWER.—Is it not possible that, despite Brother Lawrence's wonderful devotion to the Master, he yet had failed to achieve perfect detachment, and so outer work served as a sort of bridge over which he could reach God more readily than when lifting his thoughts to Him directly. The maxim, "To work is to pray," may have found in him its literal exemplification.

S.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the

Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.